TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last Saturday night, as I was going home about six o'clock, I noticed a nice comely young woman who could not have been over twenty-three or four. She was carrying a market basket filled with parcels, which, no doubt, she had bought in the neighborhood of the market, where many imagine they get things cheaper than they do in the corner stores in the neighborhood of their own homes. In addition to the basket, she was carrying a youngster two or three years old, and another one a year or so older was tugging at her dress. The tired child in her arms was crying, through weariness probably, and I wondered that the mother also was not in tears. She bore every sign of utter fatigue. The child's head hung heavily against her shoulder as she tried to soothe it, saying: "We'll soon be home and see baby." I haven't any idea who was home taking care of baby, but I felt that the mother's lot was a hard one, and I pitied her none the less that her tone was sweet and patient.

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I wondered where the husband was. Probably he was taking care of baby. It struck me that he might have taken care of another one. As I thought the matter over I reckoned that likely some little neighbor girl was looking after No. 3, and that the husband was either at work or taking it easy somewhere.

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We somehow or other have a habit of forgetting how hard is the lot of the toiling mother who has a lot of babies to look after.

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A couple of weeks ago I was at an entertainment given by a society not noted for its wealth. In the seat behind me was a young mother trying to take care of three children, the eldest of whom could not have been more than five or six. The program had hardly been commenced before baby No. 2 cried to go home, and baby No. 3 joined in the chorus. The young gentleman who had the proud distinction of being the eldest of the family told his mother if she didn't give him a copper he would yell. She produced the copper from a very scantily stocked pocket, and the aforesaid young gentleman at once left the building, bareheaded to invest his cash, coming back a few minutes afterwards thoroughly chilled and his youthful nose in that condition which suggests a very bad cold. In trying to restore his personal appearance the mother waked up No. 3, who refused to be comforted, and No. 2 insisted on sitting astride of the back of the seat, alarming the mother and every one in the vicinity lest he would fall off and break his immature neck. With the heavy child in her lap and her back bent over like a sleigh-runner, the poor woman kept up an eternal jog, jog, jog, with first one knee and then the other. Her bent shoulders and downcast head suggested to infant No. 2 that his mother's neck would furnish a good seat, and because she refused to permit her poor tired spine to be used as a teeter-board the pleasant-tempered child immediately set up a howl. This sort of thing lasted throughout the entire entertainment, and I am positive that she did not hear a word of what was said or have the least particle of comfort or pleasure, though I will warrant you she had counted on that evening for weeks, and had darned those little stockings with special care, and brushed her jacket of the fashion of 1880 or '81 with many misgivings as to whether it would be noticeably threadbare and out of date.

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She was a pretty woman, and her children were pretty children. When she was seventeen or eighteen—and that could not have been over six or seven years ago—she must have been unusually attractive. Now her good looks are fading very fast. She is tired and jaded looking and has the "cradle-stoop," and the patient, uncomplaining look that is sometimes so pathetic in its silent acceptance of the stern decrees of fate. She did not look unhappy, and in all the mauling and teasing her children inflicted upon her she spoke no cross word and seemed anxious only that those near her should not be disturbed.

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I wondered where her husband was, if in the audience or at home. If he was in the audience he ought to have been with his wife helping to take care of the children, and if at home he should have had the children with him there. What a delightful evening that woman would have spent if for one night he had taken care of the babies and let her have a little rest! How she would have enjoyed the program and chatted with the other women; how her tired back would have straightened up and she would have felt like a girl again, and that poor tired knee would have had a chance to quit its jog, jog, jog for a few minutes. It would have freshened her up for a month, and her husband has no idea how much gratitude she would have shown him for his thoughtfulness. It would not have cost him much. He can go to entertainments nearly every night. Men in the shop, the discussions of the dinner hour, the newspapers, and the public meetings that he attends, all are amusement for him, but what does she have? Goes over to her mother's I suppose every two or three weeks and takes all the children with her, and when they get the door shut good and tight, the poor tired girl, who has not been out of the home-nest over half a dozen years, will bury her face on her mother's shoulder and have a good cry. That is about the kind of a rest they get, poor tired things.

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Is it strange that women who hear nothing but the wailing of their babes or the complaining of their husbands, get narrow and cannot talk about anything except the garments they wear, what they eat, and the petty round of daily toil? The men, mixing with other men all the time, as they grow older, broaden out intellectually; experience with other minds brightens them, and by and by when they take a good fit and determine to have a little chat with their wives after their young ones are all in bed, they are surprised to find out how stupid the vivacious girl they married has grown. Their wife's petty talk about dresses and what they will get for their children to wear, and the new curtains that are needed for the parlor window, and the carpet for the dining room floor, how Mrs. So and So has got a new set of furniture, and all this smallest kind of small talk begets in them an utter weariness, which probably ends in an expression of disgust.

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I am not going to talk about how husbands grow away from their wives just now, but it is appalling to see the utter indifference some men, who pass amongst their comrades for really good fellows, show to their wives. They seem to think she is merely a drudge, and they get angry and to her face make comparisons between her and other women, and thus give the poor jaded thing a new agony to bear.

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Among richer people than those of whom I have been writing there is not the same amount of absolutely hard labor imposed on the wife and mother, but their lives are narrowed and their brightness dimmed by the harrowing cares of the nursery and the servants' hall. These things have to be, but the neglect which some wealthy husbands show their wives amounts to absolute brutality. It may be thought that "brutality" is a strong word to use in connection with neglect, but there is a brutality of a passive as well as of an active sort. The home life of some men consist in eating, drinking, smoking, grumbling and sleeping, and their wives are scared of them and their children don't know what a good romp is. He goes to the lodge, political meetings, the theater may be, takes a trip with the boys once in a while, has business in New York eight or ten times a year, has to meet a friend down town three or four nights a week, and altogether has a pretty lively time. She looks after the wardrobe of the children, the bills of the tradesmen, is brow-beaten by the servants, has oceans of trouble with measles, croup, scarlatina, etc., is sick half the time and miserable the other half, goes to church maybe once on Sunday and is accused of gadding around if she takes in the Dorcas society and prayer meeting; does not get time to read a novel once a month, and if her husband catches her at it he suggests that she might be more profitably employed. Much more apt is he than the workingman to discover that this manner of life in a half-score of years will utterly unfit her for the intellectual companionship of any ordinary man of the world. He wonders why she is so poky, and why she can't be lively and jolly like other women that he knows, and may be he does not take a great deal of pains to conceal his liking for somebody else's society, and when she becomes jealous he becomes furious and wonders if he cannot look at another woman without her going into a rage about it.

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Thank heaven these descriptions do not apply to every home, though I am sorry to believe that they fit the lives of the majority in a greater or less degree. Every wife who has a faithful and considerate husband, no matter what other ills befall her, has reason to thank God that she is not the slave of some obstreperous human hog; and every husband who has a good, true wife who refuses to be a slave and insists on living such a life as will not dwarf her mind and make her a poor, worn-out twaddling creature, whose goodness of heart and ability as a cook and housewife make up the catalogue of her graces, also has reason to thank heaven that, perhaps in spite of himself, he has a companion and helper with whom he can talk on terms of equality.

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There is a lot of misery in this world, most of which we make for ourselves, and there is an ocean of happiness if we only try to find it.

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I was waiting in a fashionable bootmaker's the other day when a well-dressed man of middle age and condescending manners dropped in and gave the proprietor permission to show him a pair of laced shoes. As the storekeeper hauled down pair after pair until about half his stock was on the floor or on the counters I became interested, and determined to see the thing out. The customer was not always polite in reference to the goods shown him, and he criticized with a very haw-haw accent the style and quality of the shoes made and worn in this "blawsted country, you know." Finally a pair sufficiently dainty and shapely to suit his aristocratic feet were settled upon, and the shoe man had them stretched on a last and pounded and adjusted. With a good deal of deference he laced them up, rubbed his hands over them and stood up, expecting, apparently, to receive the thanks and cash of his customer, who merely adjusted his eye-glass and said, "I guess these will ansah; you can chawge them to me." Mr. Bootman's face reddened as, abandoning a portion of his politeness, he said, "Who will I charge them to?"

"Oh, chawge them to me—Capt. Doofunny, you know."

The last vestige of the shoe dealer's politeness vanished in a minute. He answered sharply, "I don't know you; I can't charge them to you."

"Oh, well, no mattah; you can just take them off," and he sat down on the settee and lazily stretched out his feet for the storekeeper to remove the shoes, which he did with a great deal more vigor and less deference than he used in putting them on. I think if it had been my store I would have fired Capt. Doofunny out in his stocking feet, and thrown his boots after him, "just for luck, you know."

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For a long while these haw-haw fellows could go around this city, and as strangers get credit which shopkeepers refuse to well-known and honest men; but it is played out, you know. One and all, the tailors and shoemakers and boarding-house keepers have got tired waiting for that remittance from some that never comes.

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In talking about the credit which these fellows have been accustomed to get, I am reminded that even in the banks, pretentious rascals like Barnett can get $100,000 by taking the manager up to a swell house that isn't paid for, and opening wine at some liquor merchant's expense, while wholesale men with good paper and their own names on the back of it, have to loiter around the manager's door, hat in hand, and walk in on their knees for a discount. But the fate of the Central will do considerable towards stopping that sort of thing.

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There are a good many signs that the real fight for the mayoralty has not yet begun. It is noticeable that the Rogers boom is considerably on the wane, and even some of his friends admit that the wave was started a little too soon and will have spent its force before election day, and probably somebody else's wave will ride over it. In canvassing Ald. Defoe's chances a very clever local politician, who is also one of Dan's friends, admitted that his candidate was practically out of the race. I ventured the assertion that Ald. Defoe would not receive over seven or eight hundred votes, and he was forced to admit that no matter how popular a man is, if people have no hope of him being elected they are not very apt to vote for him. "And," said he, "in this contest if Ald. Defoe receives a thousand votes it will show that he has a very great many personal friends, for it takes a very strong personality and a big personal following to poll even 500 votes in a hopeless fight where so much interest is taken in the issue between the other two candidates." I guess he is about right.

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In discussing it with another friend of Defoe's, he said that he believed that his candidate would receive two thousand or two thousand five hundred votes, and when asked how he figured that out he replied, "We have never had a Catholic candidate before, and we feel sure that his co-religionists will cast their ballots for him in order to show how strong a thing the Catholic vote is in this city. It is not unnatural," said he, "when one of themselves is in the field that they should desire to make a good showing."

Another gentleman standing by said that would be very true if Ald. Defoe had been identified with Catholic movements and had been in the habit of working with the other prominent Catholics in the city. "But," said he, "Ald. Defoe has always been on the Conservative side, while the rest of us were with the Liberals, and the Catholic vote is much more accustomed to opposing than supporting him. Besides, it is absurd to speak of the Catholic vote as something that always goes together, or is cast solid for the man of their creed. It is just as apt to be split up as the Methodist vote or the Presbyterian vote or the Church of England vote, and I am glad to say that no clerical influence will be brought to bear to make it otherwise."

All of which seems to me very reasonable and right.

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Talking with a young Conservative Catholic yesterday who has good opportunities of hearing opinions, he told me he believed Defoe would poll as big a vote as Clarke, and mentioned a bet of $100 as proof that there were other people who thought so. I differ with him, but I give my readers the benefit of his opinion.

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I enquired if he thought those of his co-religionists who did not vote for Defoe would vote for Rogers. He said no, and was positive they would go to Clarke. He gave no reason. All of which goes to show that things are considerably mixed.

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Talking about betting I hear that the wagers laid upon Rogers and Clarke are just about even.

DON.

THE NEW BABY.

Notice.

Reliable correspondents are wanted for this department of SATURDAY NIGHT all over Canada. Contributors must sign their communications with their real names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee to the editor that the contribution comes in good faith. Unsigned matter will not be noticed. Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only, and will spell proper names as plainly that there will be no possibility of any mistake. The names of contributors will not be made public. All communications should be addressed: Editor Society Department SATURDAY NIGHT, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

That the dance at Government House last Friday would be a success was a foregone conclusion. It will be interesting to know how many, or rather how few of those who were bidden failed to take advantage of their bidding. About one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out, and by a quarter to ten on Friday, very nearly that number of guests had discarded their wraps and given those finishing touches to frocks and white ties, to buttonholes or to elaborate *coiffures*, those touches which may make or mar all, had shaken hands with their kindly host and charming hostess, and were now, at the time mentioned, soliciting with expectant pencil, those fair ones whom they wished to make partners in their pleasure. Loudly wagged the tongues, when on the programmes being forthcoming, it was found that across six of the early dances the word "German" was written in pencil. When it became apparent that these six dances were cancelled, that one partner must be secured for the "German," and that it would occupy nearly two hours of the evening, sounds of gratification were not unmingled with those of displeasure, for was not Mr. De Smith engaged to Miss Fitzbrown for Nos. four and five, and to Mrs. Apgones for Nos. seven and eight, and were not his arrangements woefully upset?

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Now, the custom of engaging dances beforehand, at any rate in large numbers, is a vicious custom; it is a greedy, selfish and lazy custom, it savors of the hayrick and the turnip of the milkmaid and the ploughman; it is a country custom, and therefore in this metropolis it is out of place; it is provincial, and therefore to be avoided, so that the ladies and gentlemen whose "arrangements were upset" (I heard the phrase used many times on Friday night), only got their just deserts.

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The german was of its kind particularly good. The arrangements for the various figures, conceived, I believe, only two days before, and carried into effect at great pressure by the ladies of Government house, were admirable. The Messrs. Harcourt Vernon, *pere et fils*, managed the dance, while Miss Edsal, and a friend of hers, Miss Willard of New York, were of the greatest assistance in directing those gentlemen what to do. As a partner for this long dance, Miss Campbell honored Mr. Reginald Thomas with her hand; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon made Mr. Sears happy in her temporary and alas, interrupted possession; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer was a fleeting blessing to Captain Geddes; Miss Heward danced with Mr. Arthur Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton with Mr. Sidney Small, and her brother with Miss Hodgins, Miss Annie Vankoughnet sat with Mr. K. Moffatt, and the latter's brother danced with Miss Seymour. An excellent idea was the covering and filling of the favors with little bells, so that when they had been distributed, and especially during the rhythmic and marked time of the polka, the air was filled with a little delicate tinkle of silver bells jingled in tune. The german was an unmistakable success, but I should not advise its introduction into houses much smaller than Government house. One or two a year in large houses, and where they are carried through with the snap of last Friday will always be pleasant, but more would probably palt.

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It was midnight before the german was over, and the set sat down to supper. During the meal the band was stopped altogether—an excellent innovation and one that should be generally adopted, for who that has danced does not know of the confusion which supper-dances, extras, and extra-extras, has not caused in his programme. After supper valsing and polking in the ordinary method began again with vigor, nor were the many arm-chairs and sofas of the drawing-rooms neglected, while many pleasant couches in dark corners of the upper halls and sitting-rooms were discovered and patronized. With such delights and with such a goodly company, it is small wonder that two o'clock had struck ere most of the guests had departed.

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A word to the musicians. The band, which under the late lamented Seager has done so much good service, under the new conductor still plays the best and newest dance music, and plays it well; the violins still mark the time as it should be marked, and the cornet player's melody is as clear and penetrating as of yore; but the leader should be careful to keep the time up, and to remember, as Seager always did, that good time means good dance music. More than one valse on Friday was played in two entirely different times, one undoubtedly too slow, the other perhaps a trifle too fast. Let him only pay attention to getting the happy medium of time and keeping to it right through, and the band will be as good as ever it was.

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Besides those mentioned above, the party was graced by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Emily Merritt, Miss Laura Boulton, Miss Ince and Mr. Ince, the Misses Yarker, Miss Macarthy, Miss Campbell, Miss Parsons, Miss Brough, Miss Langmuir and Mr. Archie Langmuir, the Misses Birchall, the Misses Spratt, Miss Heward, Miss Hodgins, the Misses Morris, Miss Schreiver, who is staying at Government house, the Misses Wragge, the Misses Cawthra, Miss K. Merritt, and by Messrs. Brodrick, Shanly, Dixon, Pipon, Bruce, Small, Hume Blake, B. H. Cronyn, Crooks, Plummer, Mayne Campbell, Napier Robinson, Hollyer, H. and C. Boulton, Saunders, Burton, McMurrich, H. Gamble, Scott and others.

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The afternoon At Home given by Mrs. Whitney at her house on Wellesley crescent in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Lumsden, who is spending the winter in Toronto, was of its kind very pleasant. There was a noticeable dearth of men, a dearth so often felt by teagivers. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Schreiber, Mrs. and Miss Dumoulin, Mrs. and Miss Heward, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Blake, Miss Hodgins, Miss Edsall, Hon. Geo. Allen, Captain Geddes and Mr. James Henderson.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson are making amends for their long periods of absence from Toronto by the quality and quantity of their hospitality when in town. Their many dinner-parties are to be capped on the 6th of next month by a ball, which will be much looked forward to by those who know how admirably suited is Chestnut Park for this kind of entertainment. It is some years since Lady Macpherson has given a dance. Her new departure must be credited to the presence of her daughter Mrs. Bankes.

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As Mrs. Cawthra has appointed January 4 for her fancy ball, and Lady Macpherson's dance is to take place on the 6th, Mrs. Henderson has wisely changed the date of a prospective ball on the 5th to the 16th of January. Three nights running would be a little too much, for the male portion, at any rate, even of our most indefatigable *beau-monde*.

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The long-expected wedding of Miss Aggie Spratt and Mr. Douglas Armour is to take place on the 28th inst., at 1.30 p.m., at St. George's church. There is to be afternoon tea afterwards at the house of the bride's sister, Mrs. Fuller, on Brunswick avenue. This informal species of entertainment seems to have superseded the old-fashioned formal wedding breakfast, which seems to me a pity, for though the old toasts and speeches were no doubt trying to the speakers, yet with some pathos and some sadness, there was generally humour to please the company, while compliments and praises spoken, and hearty good wishes invoked at such a time are, in after years, often looked back to with pleasure.

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Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but everything comes to him who can wait.

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A cotillion to be given by Mrs. Hamilton Merritt on the 22nd has been postponed for a week, owing to the sad death of Mr. D'Arcy Boulton.

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Mrs. Larratt Smith will give an At Home today at her house in Rosedale. Many fashionable people will face the long drive, or walk, and will doubtless enjoy themselves at its termination.

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It is with considerable diffidence that I approach the next subject in my gossip. It is a subject that cannot be called gossip, and, as my pen is ever a more halting instrument than my lips, I feel my incompetence to use words of sufficient weight to express the scorn and indignation which all right-minded members of society must feel for the particular abuse of society which I am going to try to expose. When it appears that the abuse to which I refer to is, in fact, that of gossip, it may seem strange that I should write against myself, since it is the news which is called by this name that I profess to give to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT; but I hold that gossip is of two kinds—the first, mere notes of events and of people, which is harmless, and beyond which this paper will never go; the second, vicious and incalculably harmful, since, though its friends would call it gossip, it is scandal.

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Rumors have this week been circulated impugning the fair fame of a lady—rumors as absolutely baseless as they are most certainly false. That reports should be spread which not only injure those who are the subject of them, but also poison the ears of many that hear them, is, in any society, a crying evil, and I affirm that it is an unnecessary evil. Its root is, of course, the miserable originators of the vile reports; its branches, the vicious or silly people who retail and repeat the lies furnished them by the root.

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There are men in Toronto society whose chief vocation seems to be the retailing, and more often the inventing, of spiteful gossip or malicious scandal. As a general rule they content themselves with mere mischief-making, but occasionally some strong personal spite must be gratified. They have, perhaps, been snubbed, and if so, woe to her who has snubbed them. If their hideous ingenuity can discover the very slightest loophole for their purpose, neither her sex nor the name of friendship will spare her. These men—are they men?—are systematic cullers. They have been known to visit the same house once a week for a whole winter. Hence arise their opportunities, for their audience should consist of two or three, and it must be female, for they have a wholesome dread of a heavy boot. This is their usual talk: "Oh, Miss Fitzbrowne, what do you think I heard De Smythe say about you the other day?" or, "Do you know what Miss Tonkyns said about De Smythe?" The speeches reported are of course disagreeable. They are not believed by the audience, because the ladies composing it know that the reporter is a liar; but as a good joke they are repeated to the friends of these ladies, who in their turn pass them on until the name of the author is forgotten. They are told to Miss Tonkyns or to Mr. De Smythe as gospel, and they who were friends before are made enemies for months, or even for years. This is mischief-making, and it is bad enough, but if they have the cause they will, in like manner, start some foul scandal, and in the same way will it be spread.

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But why are these men allowed such impunity? Why does not husband or brother administer the thrashing they so thoroughly deserve, and which would certainly frighten them from their trade? Because it is hard to get proof of the identity of the author of a particular scandal, because the publicity of such a course would only sow that scandal more deeply in people's minds, and, lastly, because it is hard to touch pitch without being defiled. One avoids treading on a worm or a slug even, if one wishes to kill it, because of the mess that will be left on one's boots. But society at large knows these men. They should be at once and for ever ostracised and outlawed, for they are its worst pests.

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Lord Lytton has written some fine lines in his Ode to Aristocracy, and he uses the term in its catholic, not in its narrow, sense. I commend his exhortation to the aristocracy of Toronto:

> To thee be all men heroes, every race
> Noble; All women virgins; and each place
> A temple; know thou nothing that is base.

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On Friday evening of last week a large and successful At Home was given by Mrs. Wm. Bayley at her elegant residence on Wellesley street. It was decidedly one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable affairs of the season. Among those present were: Mr. Gordon Heward and Miss Heward, Mr. W. A. Smith and the Misses Smith, Mr. Warde, Mr. W. Burritt, Mr. G. Burritt, Miss Burritt, Mr. P. Howland and the Misses Howland, Miss Kertland, Miss Molesworth, Mr. J. Bowes, Mr. J. Hughes, Mr. G. Muntz, Mr. C. A. Gifford, Miss K. Kerr, the Misses Powell, Miss Dumoulin, Mrs. Bain and Miss Campbell of Montreal, who is visiting in the city.

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As I understand there is considerable objection to the publication of engagements in this department of SATURDAY NIGHT, I have decided to discontinue it, if not altogether, at any rate until such time as they are sent to me for official announcement. I shall always endeavor to keep these columns free from unpleasant personalities. I have no desire to print anything that will prove offensive to any one or wound the most susceptible feelings. I wish this department to be clean and representative. Scurrility, scandal, ridicule and the ordinary stock-in-trade gossip of the "society" journalist will have no place here. Of course, I want it to be as comprehensive as possible, and I will always be glad to receive news of receptions, At Homes, evenings, dinner parties, etc., held or about to be held, together with personal notes about the movements of *society* people. It is to the interest of those of whom I write to help me make the record of the week as complete as possible if they desire to have their doings chronicled in a paper both respectable and representative. Contributors must send me their names and addresses as a guarantee that the items are sent in good faith, but those names and addresses will not be made public.

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A lady correspondent requests me to say that Toronto is blessed with an unusual number of good dancers, among those who have come under her notice being Mrs. Stewart Morrison, the Misses Otter, Mr. H. Hall, Mr. F. Cowan, Mr. S. McDonnel, Mr. M. Darling, Mr. S. Featherstonhaugh, and Mr. A. Boddy—a request which I have much pleasure in gratifying.

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The following ladies and gentlemen were invited to dine at Government house on Wednesday night: Colonel and Mrs Gzowski, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Sweney, Hon. A. M. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. Duncan Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Miss Schrieber.

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The evening party given by Miss Thompson of 68 Czar street on the 14th, was a very enjoyable affair. Miss Thompson is a very charming and painstaking hostess and on Wednesday evening excelled herself to make her chosen people joyful. Among those who were present I noticed Miss Bunting, Miss H. Scott, Miss E. Scott, the Misses Hedley, Miss B. Harvey, Miss E. Harvey, the Misses Maule, Miss Ireland, Miss L. Wood, the Misses Harris, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Symonds, Miss I. Field, Miss Ince, and Messrs. G. Heward, J. A. Heward, J. Craig, W. A. Smith, A. Arnold, Pringle, Torrance, Ward, F. Teale, Strathy, T. Chisholm Jones, D. M. Howard, Hedley, A. Scott, G. Burritt, J. Symons and D. Symons.

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Having already encroached on the domain of the musical editor, I have less hesitation in referring to a musical matter now, more especially as it is one which is distinctively a society event. A fortnight since I made the announcement of Miss Robinson's intention of going to New York this winter, with the idea of studying and adopting music as a profession—much to Miss Robinson's surprise, for though the statement was quite correct, she was not aware that I knew of it. I understand now that all arrangements have been completed, and that she will leave for New York about the end of January. Her two last public appearances here will be, I believe, with the Vocal Society and the Harmony Club.

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The Harmony Club, by the way, will give a performance on the 10th of next month at the Grand Opera House. The First Night and A Cup of Tea will be produced. The cast has not yet been made out, but I am told the parts in both sketches will probably be sustained by, amongst others, Mr. W. Townsend, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Shanley, Miss Robinson, Mr. D. Lewis Bird, Mr. E. C. Rutherford and Mr. Cecil Gibson. This performance will be of unusual interest on account of its being a departure from the club's regulation operatic productions.

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Mr. G. S. Mackay is in New York and contemplates spending the winter in England. Probably few men about town are better known or better liked by the old aristocracy of Canada than he, for it counts for something even in these prosaic days, if you live well, dress well, have plenty of money, no occupation and conform to the unwritten laws of society.

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Mrs. Verdant Newcomer—Gracious! yes. I'm catching on to all the right sort of Bric-a-bac-carat now. I've just purchased a Rennysancy Tea service of the time of the Romans; a china mug that belonged to Charleymagny; and some gobbling tapestries made by the Eskimaux, not to mention two costumes of the Directory worn by Henry the Eight, and a portion of the True Guillotine from Newgate Castle.

Friend—Have you any Marqueterie, Mrs. New comer?

Mrs. N.—Gracious, no. I leave all my marketry to the cook.

Friend—Where do you keep your old Saxe I have heard so much of?

Mrs. N.—Dear, dear! How people will gossip! all the old sacks are in the cellar.

Friend (sotto voce)—For heaven's sake—*Secrets.*

TETE-A-TETE.

Mrs. Somerville, 445 Church street, is receiving this afternoon.

A small children's party was held at Government house last evening.

A dinner party will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra next Tuesday evening.

Miss Wilkes, 84 Gloucester street, gave a small but successful At Home last Saturday afternoon.

Last Saturday afternoon Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin were At Home to about a hundred of their friends.

A very pleasant party was given by Mrs. Harrison, at her handsome residence on Beverley street last evening.

Cards are out for dinner parties at Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines' on the 20th, and at Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's on the 22nd.

Afternoon teas were given this week by Mrs. Rutherford on Thursday and by Mrs. George Crawford on Friday, too late for more than mere mention this week.

On Saturday evening last a reception was held by Dr. Daniel Wilson at his residence on St. George street. It was confined principally to intimate family friends.

Cards are out for a small evening party at Mrs. Hebdens, 145 Bloor street east, on Tuesday of next week, and on the following evening Mrs. Dixon, 333 Jarvis street, will be at home.

Mr. Edward Henderson of Glasgow, Scotland, one of the owners of the Anchor Line of mail steamships, has been on a visit to his personal friend, Mr. G. N. Morrison, of 24 Lakeview avenue.

Last week printer and proofreader conspired to change the large and fashionable At Home given by Mrs. John Bain, at her handsome residence on Wellesley street, into one by Mrs. James Bain, a mistake unfortunate but purely clerical.

The out of town correspondence will be found on page eleven.

BABY LINEN

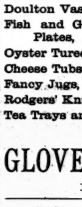
Infants' Night Gowns, 40c., 49c., 65c.
Infants' Day Gowns, 75c., 85c., $1, $1.25, $1.55.
Infants' Yoke Morning Dresses, $1.35, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75, $4.75, $5.75.
Infants' Robes, $2.35, $2.55, $3, $3.75, $3.95, $4.25 up.
Infants' Baricotes, $1, $1.35, $1.55, $1.75, $2.
Infants' Baricotes, beautifully embroidered, $3.75, $4.25, $4.75, $5.25 up.
Infants' Long Flannel Skirts, $2, $2.35, $2.50.
Infants' Head-squares, $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75, $2.45, $2.75 up.
Infants' Long Cambric Skirts, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75 up.
Infants' Flannel Bands, Swathes and Nursery Squares.
Puffs, Powder Boxes, Brushes, etc.

PAGE & PAGE
206 and 208 Yonge Street.

CHINA HALL
49 King Street East, Toronto.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAYS
Royal Worcester Dinner Sets,
Crown Derby Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Doulton Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Royal Worcester Vases and Ornaments,
Crown Derby Vases and Ornaments,
Doulton Vases and Ornaments,
Fish and Game Sets and Game Pie Plates,
Oyster Tureens and Oyster Plates,
Cheese Tubs, Muffin and Toast Covers,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Coffeepots,
Rodgers' Knives and Carvers,
Tea Trays and Dish Mats.

GLOVER HARRISON
IMPORTER.



LADIES!
If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of
HAIR GOODS
The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.
BANGS, WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, &c., &c.
Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.
Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.

A. DORENWEND,
Paris Hair Works.
103 & 105 YONGE STREET.
The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

HUNDREDS OF
NOVELTIES
IN
TOYS, GAMES AND FANCY GOODS,
Now on view in our establishment. Call early and make your selection. We could not begin to accommodate the crowds who visited Old Santa Claus' Headquarters last Christmas.
Presents for everybody and anybody, all ages and all temperaments at
QUA & CO.'S
Toronto Toy and Game Emporium,
49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

DANCING
Prof Davis' Private Academy, 80 Wilton Avenue.
Branch Academy, The Pupils' Drawing-room, Grand Opera House.
A Special Class of Juveniles (misses and masters) meet every Saturday morning, 10 to 12 o'clock, in the Pupils drawing-room; specialties at this class. The "Cours Minuet" (so much admired at the Kirmess last spring), "Mistletoe Minuet," "Home Circle Minuet," and "Gavotte figure," "Octagon," &c., also all standard dances. The class numbers now 30 pupils, from the best families. Absolutely select. All standard fashionable dances, including the newest round dance, the "Branch" (music and dance by Prof. Davis), taught in private and class lessons at the Academy, 80 Wilton ave.
PROF. DAVIS.

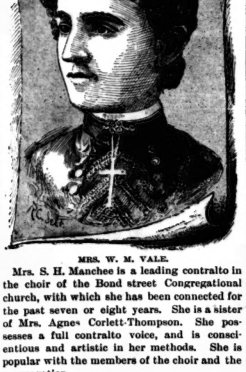
S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.
OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles
Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.
This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

J. Pittman & Co
Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

Singers of Sacred Song.

SATURDAY NIGHT presents to its readers this week, portraits of three other well-known ladies who sing in Toronto church choirs—Mrs. Vale, Mrs. Manchee and Miss Yeomans. Mrs. Vale is one of the soprano soloists of St. Michael's. She is a daughter of Mrs. Meyer, of the same church, whose portrait was published last week. She was recently married to Mr. W. M. Vale, who sang in the same choir. Her voice is rich and pleasant.



MRS. W. M. VALE.

Mrs. S. H. Manchee is a leading contralto in the choir of the Bond street Congregational church, with which she has been connected for the past seven or eight years. She is a sister of Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thompson. She possesses a full contralto voice, and is conscientious and artistic in her methods. She is popular with the members of the choir and the congregation.

Miss M. J. Yeomans takes the soprano solos in the Euclid ave. Methodist Church. Her voice is light and flexible, but sweet and true. She has been in the choir some three years and has made many friends for herself.

MRS. S. H. MANCHEE.

The passing reference made last week to congregational singing has drawn forth the following contribution from One Who Remembers: I go back 20 years. It is summer, dry, hot, burning, dusty, aggravating summer. The stone church stands at the far end of the town on a sandy knoll. About it runs a plain picket fence, once white. The grass within is burned and yellow.

My father leads me sternly along. He always looks stern when he goes to church. (That is, he did. Poor old dad sleeps now beneath that same parched and yellow grass.) I don't want to go to church, but my father insists on it—he, stern and frigid, poor me, timid and trembling.

MISS M. J. YEOMANS.

We go inside. The service begins. The choir drones through Lead Kindly Light. The organ is a mere box, the size of a packing-case. It is squeaky and uncertain, and liable to break out in a new place at any moment. The choir is made up of seven young people and an elderly gentleman with a wig. The seven young people seem devout and humble when they sing. When the attention of the congregation is not fixed upon them they smirk and giggle, and cast laughing glances at one another out of languishing eyes.

By-and-bye the choir sings again—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh! my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe within Thy haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

They sing two verses of this, the congregation joining in. The music is crude, but there is in it that subtle feeling which touches the heart, and without which the most brilliant efforts falls on heedless ears. It may charm through its technical perfection, but it cannot stir the soul.

This singing does. My boyish heart is touched. I raise my shrill treble, and pipe feebly with the rest. The simple old tune rolls up in a vast volume to throb and echo among the heavy brown beams at the roof.

The preacher begins. I do not remember his text a minute. I know he discourses in a singsong, monotonous voice, devoid of inflections and expression. I listen to it dreamily. The words seem to melt into one long string, humdrum and flat. He draws the conventional picture of future torment for the unrighteous, and paints a faith as hard, unloving and cruel as a bit of railroad iron. This I gather. He drones along. Outside the birds sing merrily, and the lazy village sleeps in the summer sunshine. I look at my father. He is sitting stern and rigid still, face and form immovable. A stray fly is resting placidly on the bald spot on his head. Through the cobalt square at the top of the window, a shaft of vagrant sunshine streams, making an ultramarine patch on the glistening surface of his crown. I look at him curiously for a moment. A soft and gentle snore is unheard in the dull droning of the preacher's voice. He is asleep.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

III.

I pointed out last week that a permanent position in one particular spot is of the utmost importance in all newspaper advertising. A man does not move his place of business from street to street. He stays in the one location and people grow to look for him there. It is the same with the advertisement. When moved from column to column it loses its value. For instance, to-day a certain merchant advertises a fine line of kid gloves at say 50 cents a pair. It appears in a certain portion of the paper, and is noticed by so many people. The next day, however, it is thrust into back page obscurity, and it is replaced by a rival dealer who offers his gloves at 45 cents a pair. Miss Mary Jones is visiting her friend Miss Smith, and incidentally remarks, "I noticed by the paper last night that Brown was offering So-and-So's gloves for 50 cents a pair." "Why, I didn't see it," says Miss Smith. "But it is there all the same," Miss Jones responds, "bring me the paper and I'll show you." The paper is brought and the inspection is made. "That's funny," declares Miss Smith. "I could have sworn it was Brown's advertisement I read here, but it seems it was Robinson who has the gloves. And he is offering them for 45 cents a pair. I don't see how I could have made the mistake. How extremely stupid of me." The consequence is they both go to Robinson, whereas had Smith been half smart in seeing that his advertisement was kept in the position in which it originally appeared, he would have been so much the gainer. Advertisements should be attractively worded, and kept in what newspaper people call a preferred position, so that the people will know just where to look for the firm's announcement. As a rule, it takes the average woman three or four days to make up her mind about a purchase. She reads an advertisement one day. It impresses her vaguely. The next day she thinks about it, the third day she guesses it must be a pretty good thing, and the fourth day she goes to see about it. This is a peculiar trait of the divine sex that advertisers cannot attach too much importance to, because the advertisement is 90 per cent. more likely to attract her permanent attention when it is kept in one position, than it is if changed daily. She wants to read a thing several times to believe it, and the chances are that if Robinson's position to-day is the one Brown had the day before, she will end by patronizing Robinson. This is a fact that a very little experimenting will prove.

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There could be no greater mistake than the supposition that the value of an advertisement is enhanced by frequent changing. Only make a change when you have something new and good to offer. If you have nothing new let your advertisement rest with calling attention to the general excellence and cheapness of your stock. When you strike something that will stand a splurge, splurge; otherwise, don't. There is no advantage to be gained by putting fresh frills on things every few minutes. There is enough change and decay in humanity and all life without bringing it into newspaper advertising. An aged *litterateur* once said to a generation of struggling scribblers: "Never write unless you have something to say. When you have something to say, say it." The principle that is good in literature is good in advertising—never advertise unless you have something to advertise; when you have advertise it.

•

The three great essentials of successful advertising are to have something to say, to know how to say it, and when said to have it attractively and permanently displayed. In Toronto we have merchants who spend time and money in beautifying their stores. They arrange their stock in the way they fancy will give it the best appearance, they sweep and dust and make their pulchritudinous clerks fix up bales and boxes, drape curtains and ribbons, lay carpets and Heaven only knows what all to attract the eye. But any kind of bad grammar or feeble composition is good enough for the wording of the advertisement, and any kind of worn out, black and dirty type is good enough to display it in. Yet their advertising costs them far more than they spend in beautifying and arranging their stock, and is, in reality, of far more importance. In England and the States this is more generally recognised. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, who has one of the largest dry goods stores in the States, and who is one of the most liberal advertisers living, recognises to the full the value of composition and typographical appearance. He took a bright young reporter from a local paper and paid him a salary of $60 a week to do nothing but write his advertisements for him, and he engaged a stenographer to help him out. The newspaper that wants Wanamaker's advertisement must have a nice assortment of type and must print his advertisement day after day, week after week, year after year, in the same position. He never contracts to have it next reading matter, but he insists that it shall stay in the same place in which it originally appears. Typographical beauty is a most essential requisite, and a newspaper that cannot print its advertisements artistically has no business to print them at all. THE ADVERTISER.

Music.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 20.—Church of the Redeemer, Pound Concert.
TUESDAY, Dec. 27.—Philharmonic Society, Messiah, Pavilion.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—Service of Praise, Church of the Ascension.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11.—Services of Praise, Church of the Redeemer.
TUESDAY, Jan. 17.—Vocal Society Concert, Pavilion.

The statement made last week that oratorios were first introduced into Canada some twenty years ago by Rev. Father Laurent is somewhat misleading. While ready to pay full tribute to Father Laurent as a highly cultured musician, and as—better still—an earnest lover of music, I must, as an old-timer, lift up my voice in defence of my generation. The first oratorio ever performed in Toronto was in 1858, in St. Lawrence hall. The Messiah was produced then under Mr. John Carter, and Judas Maccabæus was sung immediately after, under the direction of a reverend gentleman with the succulent name of Onions. Some of my old mates were with me in the chorus then. It numbered only about sixty voices.

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We had better orchestral material in those days than we have now, although I doubt if the conductors have the energy and fire that Mr. Torrington has to-day. Then, we had Herr Griebel, a violinist of more than ordinary ability, and Messrs Eccles, Noverre, Ellis, Schenck, Maule, Klingler and others, who formed the nucleus of an excellent orchestra, which was further enlarged by men from the regimental bands then in garrison. In 1865 Mr. Carter formed an efficient chorus which performed oratorios for three seasons, among which were The Messiah, The Creation and Stabat Mater.

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I dropped in at the service of praise at the Church of the Ascension last week and was much pleased to see the large attendance and the evident interest taken in the music. Mr. Doward has gathered about him a large and efficient choir, whose chorus-singing is very fine. It is well-balanced and shows careful training on the part of the organist and a willing discipline on the part of the choir. There are many good voices in the choir, and a good selection of standard music was performed. Miss Morell, Miss Palen, Miss King, and Mr. J. W. Fraser were the vocal soloists. They sang extremely well. The two first-named ladies, however, suffered somewhat from an exaggerated scooping effort in striking their notes, which I am a little surprised at Mr. Doward permitting.

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This plan of having special musical services is one which cannot be too highly praised. It forms an excellent school for the singers, making them acquainted with a wide range of good music, and attracts musically inclined people to the church, and above all, gives the choir interest in the music, thus promoting regular attendance. It also puts the choir on its mettle, as such services must be well performed or not at all. Another church has followed Mr. Doward's lead in making these services of monthly occurrence and apparently with equal success. I attended the service at the Church of the Redeemer on Wednesday night, and found a choir of some thirty of good quality, but weak in men's voices. The strong point in this choir is a beautiful crispness and decision, which I have rarely found in so large a chorus. The singing here is creditable to Mr. E. W. Schuch, the choirmaster. Mr. E. W. Phillips played the organ solos, and displays elegance and taste rather than brilliancy. The organ, however, is inadequate, both in variety as a solo instrument and in strength as an accompaniment to a large choir. Miss Robinson, Miss Morgan and Mr. Gamble Geddes were the solo vocalists, and their singing was extremely good; in fact they all appear to better advantage in church music than in the more trying light of the concert platform.

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The University Song Book is out at last, and is beautifully got up in paper, type and binding. It comprises 173 pages, and has a choice variety of patriotic, college and miscellaneous songs. Canadian composers have not been overlooked, such names as Torrington, Ambrose, Fisher (A. E.), Muir and Kerrison being on the list. Of the younger generation, J. E. Jones and C. M. Ryan are the representative composers. Much of the music was arranged by Mr. T. H. A. Martens, and many of the ditties have been written by the students, either as originals or as translations.

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Mr. Bert Clarke has returned to Toronto after an absence of two years and a half. Bert looks well and is a better cornet player than ever. He will play the cornet obligato to The Trumpet Shall Sound, in the Messiah, on the 27th.

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At the Orphans' Home concert the other night one matter was badly managed. When the students came on to sing their songs, there was a great fuss and bother, in moving back the music stands of the band and lifting up benches for the students to stand on, and even then sixty or seventy singers had to stand in two wavy lines across the stage, where half of them could not see the conductor. And after each appearance of the Glee Club all this had to be reversed. A little forethought might have saved all this loss of time, and display of supe tactics.

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The Toronto Vocal Society, which from its membership is fast attaining a position as important socially as it is musically, will give its first concert of this season on January 17th. If this concert is as good as its predecessors, I shall be very well pleased, as certainly Mr. Haslam has given us better renditions of part-singing than have ever been done in Toronto by others. Still, even the Vocal Society cannot afford to stand still. It must progress and improve, as it is still far from perfect. *Apropos* of this society, a morning paper said on recently that it "is one whose appearance on Saturday is anxiously awaited." *Anxiously* is good. Imagine the general public sitting or hanging on the tenter-hooks of expectant agony, awaiting a musical performance!

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The same journal on Tuesday, in announcing Sig. D'Auria's intention to organize a professional orchestra, comforts us by saying that "better times in every respect appear to be approaching for those in Toronto who love music for music's sake." These two quotations smack rather strongly of the notion that the parties directly interested wrote them and handed them in, so that they might appear to be editorial utterances.

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As a matter of fact, music is not in such a despondent state in Toronto, as that we should need the comfort suggested. Flourishing vocal societies, whose performances are good—not so bad as to require an insinuated Jeremiad—large and excellent choirs, a growing array of capable vocalists, and undeniably visible improvement in instrumental ability—all these, I say, indicate that we are not dependent on this new *Deus ex machina* alone for our musical regeneration. The establishment of a professional orchestra, desirable as it undoubtedly is, is not by any means the *Ultima Thule* of musical development. The attempt has been made before, and was then based on a certain species of cooperation among the musicians, as it is now in Sig. D'Auria's scheme, but they did not cooperate, in fact they never will co-operate; they will play when they are paid for it, and only then.

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The fact is that such a scheme proved a failure under the direction of Mr. Torrington, a man of undoubted force and culture as a conductor, who at other times gave paid employment to the members of the orchestra, and who has a tremendous following of personal admirers and of those who have musical confidence in him. It is not likely that Sig. D'Auria, whose abilities may be great, but are as yet not proven in Toronto, will be able to succeed where Mr. Torrington failed, particularly when, as a stranger here, he is without local influence.

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Mr. Torrington's ability could hardly be more strikingly displayed than it was on Thursday evening, when his orchestra gave its first concert for this season. An orchestra of some sixty performers, of whom fully fifty were amateurs, rendered a fine and exacting programme in a style which, if faulty here and there, was still wonderfully good, even without taking the inexperience and youth of its members into consideration. I was glad to see the concert well attended, and so enthusiastically received. I hope to draw attention to a few striking points next week. METRONOME.

In The Far West.

Tenderfoot (entering saloon at Wayback)—I—I beg pardon, but will you be so kind as to let me have a—a glass of—of water?

Ferocious Cowboy—See here, bartender, noboly drinks water in this 'ere saloon while I'm here, d'ye hear? You hand that young feller a glass of whisky.

Tenderfoot (trembingly)—Whisky?

Cowboy—Yes, whisky; there it is; it's my treat; you drink that down slick an' clean er say y'r prayers an' be quick about it.

Tenderfoot (after drinking and reaching the door)—Thank you. Whisky is what I wanted, but I know if I asked for water some of you cowboys would be fools enough to order whisky and pay for it. Ta, ta.—*Omaha World.*

A Bad Case.

Biddy—Yis, and the poor thing kept sinking, and never revived until afther she had breathed her lasht.

Mary Ann—Yis, and even thin she was spacheless. Oi've heard

W. & D. DINEEN
FURRIERS,
OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:
Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,
WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.
ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED
CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS
And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs
TO MATCH.
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.
Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs
AND
Beaver Trimming by the yard.
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

OUR STOCK
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Including Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., for the
Christmas Trade
IS NOW COMPLETE.
We have all the Latest Styles in Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's Boy's and Youth's Goods. Nice selection of Men's Fancy Slippers.
THOMAS KENNEDY & Co.
186 YONGE STREET. 186
Four Doors North of Queen Street.

FOR NINE DAYS
THE
Popular Dry Goods House
Will Make Things Lively if Low Prices Count.
DRESS GOODS.
55 Pieces of a Fancy Check, All-Wool Novelty Dress Material, 25c. per yard, worth 55c.
BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
Blankets, Flannels, Comforters and Underwear.
EDW'D McKEOWN,
182 Yonge st., two doors north QueenWest.

CHARCOAL PORTRAITS
FROM LIFE OR PHOTO.
R. J. LICENCE
ART STUDENT.
ROOM U. ARCADE.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

We will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM GRINNIDGE

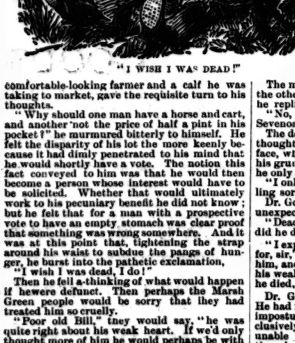
BY EDWARD MARKWICK.

The following words were uttered by William Grinnidge in soliloquy, and in a cross tone of voice:

"I wish I was dead."

The speaker was a man of middle age, and of not particularly prepossessing exterior. His face was dirty, his hair and beard unkempt, his attire soiled and ragged. He evidently belonged to what is known as the working-class. But it was William Grinnidge's peculiarity that he hated work. He had been brought up to the occupation of a navvy; but handling a spade and wheeling a barrow did not agree with his constitution. In his youth he had frequently heard his Uncle Joe complain of having a weak heart. William was convinced that he also suffered from the same complaint. He felt that violent exertion must therefore be bad for him, and he eschewed it as far as possible. But the rent of his cottage had to be paid, and he could not do altogether without food. He was also a thirsty soul, and sometimes had to go days together without anyone standing him a single half-pint. So he was obliged to do a little work sometimes, accepting the risks incidental to his weak heart. He did odd gardening jobs for the small gentry of Marsh Green. He did a little hop-picking for Mr. Porter in the autumn, and generally hung about that gentleman's farm with the object of getting hold of unconsidered trifles in the way of work or broken victuals. But, on the whole William was decidedly not prosperous. As a matter of fact he never quite managed to make both ends meet. He was always a little in arrear with his rent, and he was ready to take his oath—he seldom omitted to take a good many during the day—that he did not have nearly enough to eat and drink. At these things William bitterly repined. As he now lay stretched out by the way-side in the shadow of a hedge he felt that he was dealt hardly with by fate. His only refreshment that day had been a pint of beer (obtained at a local pig-sticking, where he had held one leg of the animal and got spattered with blood), the effect of which draught was to invest his condition with a certain pathos in his own eyes. He turned his waist-coat pocket to obtain what remnants of tobacco might be there, and, finding only half a pipeful, he gazed at it moumfully, and apostrophised himself as "poor old Bill."

Pursuing the train of reflection thus originated, he speedily came to the conclusion that he was a very ill-used personage. He felt that he had a grievance, though he was not quite sure against whom. A passing cart, containing a



"I WISH I WAS DEAD!"

comfortable-looking farmer and a calf he was taking to market, gave the requisite turn to his thoughts.

"Why should one man have a horse and cart, and another 'not the price of half a pint in his pocket?" he murmured bitterly to himself. He felt the disparity of his lot the more keenly because it had dimly penetrated to his mind that he would shortly have a vote. The notion this fact conveyed to him was that he would then become a person whose interest would have to be solicited. Whether that would ultimately work to his pecuniary benefit he did not know; but he felt that for a man with a prospective vote to have an empty stomach was clear proof that something was wrong somewhere. And it was at this point that, tightening the strap around his waist to subdue the pangs of hunger, he burst into the pathetic exclamation,

"I wish I was dead, I do!"

Then he fell a-thinking of what would happen if hewere defunct. Then perhaps the Marsh Green people would be sorry that they had treated him so cruelly.

"Poor old Bill," they would say, "he was quite right about his weak heart. If we'd only thought more of him he would perhaps be with us now!"

On what grounds they should wish to keep him with them William did not trouble to determine. All he was conscious of was that being alive the folks about evinced no marked pleasure with the fact. He belonged to the Ancient Order of Foresters, and only the day before called in the club doctor to prescribe for his weak heart. The result had not been satisfactory. When asked as to his symptoms William had laid his hand upon his stomach and said that he felt "a kind of a trembling there." The doctor had given him a couple of pills, but had been deaf to the suggestion that his condition called for pecuniary aid from the club funds. An allowance of a few shillings a week would have exactly suited William. He sighed for the pleasures of pauperism without its impoverished diet and restrictions on personal liberty. He had a vague notion in his mind that there ought to be somebody willing to "take his case up," with the result of securing him a provision for life. The failure of his attempt to extract a small annuity from his club weighed down his spirits. What good was the club to him? he pondered; he would get nothing from it until he died, and then it didn't much matter. The more he thought over this point the stronger grew his sense of personal injustice suffered at the hands of his officials. He felt inclined to die just to spite them. Then his brother Thomas, who lived at Sevenoaks, would get his club money, a reflection not at all of consoling character, for he disliked Thomas as a man who had got on sufficiently in the world to have a small yard, and call himself a "builder and contractor."

Altogether William did not see any way out of the situation that would serve to his own advantage. In his present disappointed and querulous mood he felt that life had so few attractions for him that he really might as well be dead. If his weak heart gave up beating altogether that might be shouldn't care. This idea took strong possession of his imagination, and when presently he went slouching away towards his cottage he felt quite convinced that his hour had come. The presentiment of death was strong upon him.

The good folks at Marsh Green go to bed early. Had they been abroad that night between eleven and twelve o'clock they might have witnessed the occurrence of a mysterious episode near Wm. Grinnidge's cottage. From the back door the figure of a man, dragging a heavily-filled sack, cautiously emerged, and went with his burden to a small patch of ground, where William had been accustomed to make abortive attempts to grow potatoes. Then fetching a spade the man dug vigorously until he had excavated a good large hole, into which he thrust the sack with its mysterious contents. He then hastily refilled the hole, and did his best to make the surface look like the rest of the plot, even planting a bedraggled potato plant on the spot to complete the process. Then he put the spade where he found it, looked round to see if he was observed and went out of the wicket gate into the lane. Keeping well in the shadow of the hedge he tramped off, and his footsteps grew fainter and fainter until they faded away into the silence of the night.

II.

The morrow's sun illumined the moss-grown thatch which formed William's roof-tree. It cast a shortening and then a lengthening shadow of the broken chimney, from which curled the blue and odorous smoke of a wood fire when William had anything to cook. But to-day there was no sign of life about the cottage. The hours passed in the slow and drowsy way customary at Marsh Green in the summer time, but William's latch was untilted. As a batch of haymakers went by on their way home after their day's labor one of them called out, "Bill—Bill Grinnidge!" but there was no response. The only evidence of human occupation about the cottage was a recently-dug corner of the potato patch, and that was rapidly losing its damp freshness under the burning rays of the August sun. And so the day waned and the shadows came on apace, and nothing was seen of William or of the stranger who, the night before, had enacted so mysterious a part.

Dr. Gole lived in a neat little house in the main street of the village of Edenbridge. He had only lately begun to practice on his own account, and his patients were few. Hence he was glad to obtain the appointment of medical attendant to the members of the Edenbridge branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters. The remuneration was small, but it was certain, and Dr. Gole could not afford to despise trifles. He gave his club patients all the attention he could, and more than some of them deserved. They had a way of requiring his presence at unseasonable hours on trifling pretexts, but he bore with their vagaries good-naturedly, for he was very conscientious in the discharge of his duties. Men o' the stamp of Wm. Grinnidge, however, annoyed him a good deal. He saw through them, and understood that idleness was their chief malady. He had been called to see William twice, on each occasion quite needlessly. When, therefore, the boy in buttons told him that a man named Grinnidge was waiting in the consulting-room to see him he went to that apartment in a decidedly irritable mood.

The man rose when he entered, and stood in an uncomfortable attitude, holding his hat in his hand! Dr. Gole began, "Well, what the matter now, Grinnidge?" when he stopped. His recollection of William's appearance was not very clear, but it did not correspond with that of his present visitor. His patient had long matted hair and a thick beard. The individual before him had short hair and was shaven. Yet there was an indefinable something recognizable in his speech.

"You're not the Grinnidge who lives at Marsh Green?" Dr. Gole said interrogatively.

The man shifted his position from one leg to the other uneasily, and looked at his boots as he replied,

"No, sir. I'm his brother Tummas from Sevenoaks."

The doctor looked sharply at the speaker, and thought he saw a family resemblance in his face, while the voice strongly reminded him of his grumbling, good-for-nothing patient's. So he only said, "Well and what do you want?"

"I only came, sir," said the man in a shambling sort of way, "to say my brother is dead."

Dr. Gole started. The news was so totally unexpected.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, incredulously. "What did he die of?"

"I expect it was what you're attending of him for, sir," said the man. "I came over to see him, and found him in bed like, complaining of his weak heart, and in the middle of last night he died, all of a sudden."

Dr. Gole felt rather annoyed at the news. He had felt sure that William's illness was an imposture, and it was not pleasant to be so conclusively proved to be wrong. He had been unable to detect any signs of heart disease, though, as he remembered now with some compunction, his examination of the patient had been somewhat slight. True, he had known of cases of serious affection of the heart which had not been understood until they had terminated fatally. This affair of Grinnidge doubtless belonged to the same category.

These thoughts passed very quickly through Dr. Gole's mind while he stood and looked at Thomas. Then he said:

"Well, I suppose you want a certificate?"

That was precisely what Thomas did want, and he said so.

The doctor sat down at his table and began to write. Then he looked up and said:

"Would you have any objection to my performing a *post mortem* on your brother's body?"

"A what, sir?" said Thomas.

"A *post mortem*—that is, opening the body to see what was the cause of his death."

Thomas evidently much perturbed at this suggestion. He twisted his hat about in a troubled way, and at last stammered:

"O Lord no, if you please, sir! I couldn't have it done on no account. Tain't that I'm afraid, because I'm sure he him harm; I've allays been a good brother to him. I know he wouldn't have liked it. Why almost his last words to me was: 'Don't you go and let 'em be a-cutting and carving me up, Tummas, when I'm dead.' Just so he said it, and, of course, I said I wouldn't."

"Then he had some notion that he was going to die?" Dr. Gole asked, reflectively.

"O yes, sir," said Tummas, with some eagerness; "his weak heart was a troublin' him all night."

The doctor thought for a few moments. Perhaps, after all, the case did not present any special features of interest. Moreover, he was rather busy just then with a paper for the *British Medical*. So, on the whole, he thought the best thing to do was to get rid of the affair by certifying that he had attended the deceased for something of the heart. He had no reason to doubt that the man before him was William's brother; and he knew that, although he had underestimated the seriousness of the deceased's complaint, he had not intentionally neglected him. Probably nothing would have prevented the sudden seizure which caused his death.

So Dr. Gole wrote the requisite certificate, and told Thomas that he would have to get the death registered.

Thomas looked him kindly, and shambled out of the room. When he got into the street he paused awhile, and ruminated as to the next step he should take. He knew that he had money to draw from the Foresters' Society on account of his brother's death, but he was not at all sure what was the right way to go about the matter. Suddenly he remembered the doctor's words about the registration of death. He had only a very dim notion of what sort of ceremony this was, and he heartily wished that it could have been dispensed with. One ordeal of this kind was enough for one day, he thought. Then he did not know where the registration office was, and he felt a strong disinclination to make any inquiries on the subject. He was in a thoroughly unsociable humor, and wanted to talk with no one. Why had he not thought to ask the doctor the address of the registration office. There was no help for it, however, so he walked on with his eyes on the ground, casting only a furtive look up now and then, until he met a blue-bloused butcher boy, from whom he obtained the requisite information. Then he sought out this office, and obtained with very little trouble the document he needed. What was the name of deceased? inquired the clerk—William Grinnidge. What was his age?—Mate. When did he die?—On August 14th. What was his age?—As near as his brother knew, forty-five. What was his rank, profession, trade, or calling?—Laborer. What was the cause of his death?—Weak heart. To all these depositions Thomas put his hand, and then departed, well pleased with the result.

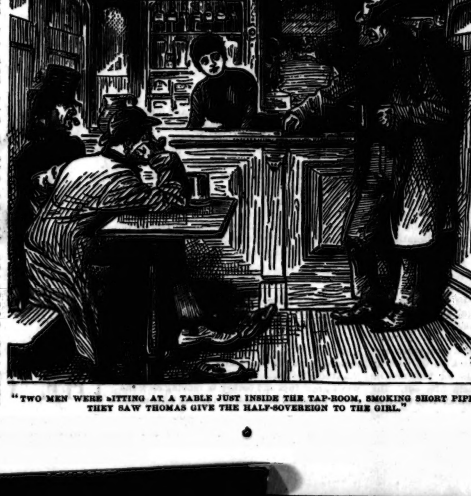
What was the next step to be taken? After much cogitation he resolved to go to the club and see if he could get the money. That was the simplest proceeding that occurred to his mind. He remembered that Wednesday was the day, and the afternoon the time, for making the application. If he started off at once he could get to Westerham in time. So he set off up the main road through the village; but before he had gone many yards he stopped, as though he had bethough himself of something. Then he struck down a bye-lane and took a roundabout course, until he struck into the main road again above the village. Evidently he was not at all sociably inclined, for when a man going in the opposite direction bade him good day he neither looked up nor answered a word. The houses left behind, he seemed easier in his mind. It was a lovely summer's day. A recent shower had partially laid the dust, and restored to the hedgerows their verdant beauty. The birds sang sweetly to Thomas, and the gay butterflies danced before him from flower to flower, but he heeded them not. His mind was occupied with other pictures—a cottage, a weird episode enacted therein, a sack containing a burden which no eye might look upon, a hurriedly-made grave!

When Thomas arrived at Westerham he inquired for the office of the Foresters' Society, and after some difficulty found it. It was a back room in the Royal George public house. There he found the secretary seated at a small table in the receipt of custom. Thomas explained his business and showed the doctor's certificate and the registration of death. The secretary asked a few perfunctory questions concerning the applicant's relation to the deceased, referred to a book which showed that the death of William Grinnidge entitled his representative to receive £7 10s. from the society, and then—as much to Thomas' surprise as gratification—paid that amount over to him without further ado, and he, with great care and deliberation, signed a receipt for the same.

Having got this £7 10s. safely in his pocket, Thomas betrayed a strange desire to get away from the Royal George as quickly as possible. He started off and walked aimlessly down the street, apparently unconscious of what he did. Then his eye chanced to light on the swinging sign of another tavern about fifty yards further on. This seemed to promise inspiration, so thither he went and ordered a pint of half-and-half. He put down the half-sovereign in payment, but it struck him that the barmaid regarded him somewhat suspiciously as she gave him the change. The thought irritated him slightly, and he felt half inclined to say something to the offender on the subject. But he could think of no specially applicable remark, and ended by ordering another pint to assist his imagination.

It happened that Thomas' possession of gold had been observed by more than the barmaid. Two men were sitting at a table just inside the tap-room smoking short pipes. Having nothing else to do, they looked at Thomas when he entered and saw him give the half-sovereign to his girl and receive the change in return. This circumstance was the subject of a very interested conversation between them, the result of which was seen in their coming over to the corner and ordering a pint of beer. This occurred just as Thomas got his second pint. One of the men accordingly seized this opportunity to observe, in a general way, that this was dry weather.

Although this observation was not particularly addressed to Thomas, he felt that it was meant for him, and said that the weather was "dry enough."



"TWO MEN WERE SITTING AT A TABLE JUST INSIDE THE TAP-ROOM, SMOKING SHORT PIPES. THEY SAW THOMAS GIVE THE HALF-SOVEREIGN TO THE GIRL."

"Especially," went on the other, "when you have to walk a good long spell."

Thomas, having just finished a weary trudge along a dusty road, was fully alive to the justice of this remark, and said so in his own way.

"But me and my friend," the stranger exclaimed, "have got something in hand what's worth taking some trouble to finish right, and on the nail. He, yo' know," in a lower tone of voice, and with a confidential jerk of the thumb over the shoulder, "has just had a pot of money left him."

Thomas looked curiously at the lucky legatee, whose appearance was certainly not suggestive of his good fortune. He was an unwholesome-looking man, with a red nose, greasy clothes, and an apless silk hat.

"I was just saying as how you've had a pot of money left you, Sam," said his companion.

"It's not the money I mean," replied the other; "only I ain't got it yet. No, they mean to keep me out it if they can, but I only want a friend or two to help me, and I'll make it pay."

Thomas was evidently interested in this statement, so the two men proceeded to take him still more into their confidence.

"It's a hundred pounds," said the man who had opened the conversation, "what an old gentleman left him, and it's to be paid in the will proving to get it, and we know a solicitor what will do the job complete for five pounds; only we ain't got the money."

At this point Thomas accepted the stranger's offer to stand a pint. The consumption of the beer did not have the effect of sharpening his intellect, but it increased his interest in the curious circumstances of the legacy.

"Yes, it's hard on a chap," continued Thomas's new acquaintance, "to have plenty of money and not be able to get it. Now," he added persuasively, "if there was some chap as had a little coin as was willing to help my friend, we could all go shares on the swag."

It now began to dawn upon Thomas that he was just the sort of a chap required. He had a little coin, and was desirous of getting more. Here was a fine opportunity of adding to his pile. "I'm in luck," he thought to himself. But the beer had not bemuddled him into absolute recklessness. He wasn't going to part till he knew what was what, not he.

"Yes," he said slowly to the last speaker, who had been keenly watching his face as the above reflections passed through his mind; "Yes, but t'ain't so easy to find a chap as has got money enough to do them sort of things."

"P'raps not," replied the other, "though there'd be plenty if they only know'd how much they'd make by it. Only we don't want to let every one into the secret. What we want is a chap who, when he got his share, would spend it among his friends like a man."

Thomas felt that there was nothing he would like better than to act such a part; but he did not say so. He merely took a drink of beer, and wiped his mouth reflectively on his sleeve.

The stranger now thought that he had better come to the point without any further delay.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if you was just the sort of chap we lookin' out for."

"O, I daresay," said Thomas, not without a feeling of gratification at the thought that he was in a position to have his favor sought.

"I spec you wouldn't mind spendin' five pound to make twenty," continued the other.

"Ah, p'raps I wouldn't, and p'raps I would," replied Thomas, cautiously; "how am I to know as I *should* make the twenty? That's what I want to know."

"Why, you could come with us to get it," said the stranger; "that 'ud be fair and square enough, wouldn't it? All we've got to do now is to git the money what's been left, out of the bank, and we can easily do that, I'm sure."

"And who are they?" asked William.

"I dunno 'tactly who they are," was the reply, "but the solicitor knows all about it, and he says they're a bad lot."

Thomas did not understand very accurately what a solicitor was, but the name sounded respectable. Moreover, he had heard of a man who had unexpectedly come in for a good legacy, and his notion of sharing such a windfall was peculiarly grateful to Thomas' mind.

"Now, if you had the money with you, we could do the job to-day," the friend of the legatee went on after a short pause.

"Well, I daresay I could find it somewheres," said Thomas.

"I thought you were the chap for us," exclaimed the other, shaking Thomas by the hand; "and there's nobody we'd rather divide the money with than you."

The legatee warmly endorsed this sentiment, and his friend went on.

"Now, the sooner we see the solicitor and arrange the business, the better. We could go round to him, but"—and he appeared to reflect for a moment—"I expect we should find his office full of people. No, you'd better go and fetch him round here, Sam."

"All right," said Sam, "but you know I must take the money with me. You remember how I said no longer ago as how I wouldn't move a step in this business without the five pounds."

"Ah, yes, so he did," rejoined the other.

"Well, I dessay he," indicating Thomas with a nod, "will lend you it to take round; or," seeing that Thomas hesitated, "he'll like to take it round himself."

Thomas was quite unprepared for this offer, which rather staggered him. He understood it as a mark of confidence in himself; yet he felt the impossibility of accepting it. How could he explain the circumstances of his connection with the affair to the solicitor?

"No," said he, "I'll not go; but can't you fetch them?"

"Solicitor," put in the other.

"Yes, bring the sligcerer round here, and then if it's all right I'll give him the money."

"Do you think he'd come?" said the friend of the legatee to that functionary.

"No," said the latter, emphatically, "I'm sure he wouldn't. But p'raps he might for half the money down, and the rest when he got here," he added, with a significant glance at his colleague.

"Yes, so he might," replied the latter.

A short pause ensued; then the friend of the legatee said to Thomas.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"Think o' what?" said the person addressed.

"Why, of lending Sam here two-pun'-ten to give the solicitor, so as to get him to come round here to settle the business."

Thomas hesitated. He did not at all like parting with the money; on the other hand his cupidity strongly prompted him to run the risk in order to reap the promised reward. The latter influence ultimately prevailed, and he took from his pocket a leather purse in which he kept the burial money, and picked out two sovereigns and a half. Before giving them up he said, a little suspiciously,

"Now, you're sure as I shall have the twenty pounds over and above this 'ere?"

"Of course you shall," replied the other, impatiently, as he eyed the gold; "now look here, just to make it certain, I'll give ye a written promise. Here, landlord, can you give me a sheet of paper and a pen and ink?"

Those articles were produced, and the

"NO, SIR; I'M HIS BROTHER TUMMAS, FROM SEVENOAKS."

speaker, having asked Thomas his name, proceeded slowly to write as follows:

"Sam Sheppard promises to pay Thomas Grinnidge twenty pounds on receiving his legacy. JAMES WILKS."

Thomas received this document, carefully spelled it over. Then he handed the two pounds ten to Sam, who put the money in his pocket, and took his hat to go.

"You'll bring the slicerer around at once," said Thomas anxiously.

"He'll be here before you can say Jack Robinson," was the answer.

"Yes, tell him that there's nothing to be done now but to pocket the swag," added James, with a leer at his partner as the latter disappeared through the door.

After this Thomas and James said nothing for a while, but smoked their pipes reflectively, the latter eyeing his companion curiously.

"I suppose you've had a windfall, mate, ain't ye?" the latter inquired presently.

"A.y, a bit o' one," replied Thomas abruptly. His thoughts had reverted for a moment to the deserted cottage at Marsh Green, and the unholy business enacted in the corner of the potato patch. Seeing his disinclination to discuss this subject, his companion said no more for a few minutes, when he asked,

"He seems a long time; let's have another pot o' beer."

It had been the practice of Thomas's life never to refuse anything that he could get for nothing, so he nodded his head in acceptance of the offer; and when the liquor came took a long draught from the pewter. Presently his companion again broke the silence by remarking:

"I wonder what's keeping him. P'raps the solicitor sticks out for the fiver; they're awful close, some of these chaps. Hadn't you better give him the other two-pun'ten, and let me run round with it?"

This was a feeler; but Thomas replied so emphatically in the negative that James saw it was no go. So he waited a few minutes more, and then said:

"Well, it's downright strornary he don't come. I'll just look out and see if I can see him."

Suiting the action to the word, he walked leisurely to the door and looked out, Thomas watching his movements very narrowly. James ostentatiously kept well in sight for a few moments, then cautiously edged himself a little further out. At this instant the noise of a tailing pot behind the bar drew Thomas's eyes in that direction. When he again turned them towards the door his late companion had disappeared.

For a few seconds Thomas's bemused faculties failed to realize the fact that he unlooked-for departure of the other meant. Then it gradually dawned upon him that the strangers had intentionally given him the slip—in a word, that he was done. He would never see the "two-pun'ten" again, much less the promised portion of his legacy. He jumped up, ran out into the street, and looked anxiously up and down. But the deceitful Sam and James were nowhere to be seen. Figures something like theirs loomed indistinctly in the distance, and he set off at a rapid pace to try to overtake them. The objects of his pursuit turned down a street, and he did the same and walked on for some distance, but all they might return to the public house. So he tried to retrace his steps. But he could not identify the street out of which he had turned. Moreover, he could not for the life of him remember the name of the tavern where the meeting had taken place. He plodded on, down one street and up another, peering through the door of every public-house he passed, and actually going into one or two, only to find that Sam and James were not there.

By this time he was exceedingly weary, as well as terribly cast down in mind. What to do he did not know. In a moment he thought of confiding his woes to the sympathetic breast of a policeman; but one very weighty, nay vital, consideration made him pause. He did not feel equal even to the consumption of another pint of beer—a fact which brought the real weight of his misfortune very strongly home to his mind. At this juncture he saw stuck up in a window the following settlement:

"Respectable lodgings for working men."

He went into the house, and asked how much bed would cost him for the night. Twopence, and sixpence, he was told; whereupon he produced the last-named coin, and said he would go to bed at once. The young woman to whom he had spoken led the way up stairs to the top of the house, and showed him into a garret in which was a truckle bed. Upon this he sat down and gazed in very despondent fashion at the inch of rushlight which glimmered on the mantelpiece. Presently that luminary burnt itself out, expiring with a sputter and a very hideous odor; and Thomas, merely relieving himself of his boots, lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Affected lady tourist—"Captain, I feel so sorry." Captain—"What about, Madame?" "On account of the poor fish?"

"What's the matter with them?"

"They must get so scasick when the water is rough."

A Paralyzed Arm.

Early one golden autumn there passed the following characteristic correspondence between two young men. (Are men still called young men appropriately who range in years between two-and-thirty and thirty-four?)

DEAR BOB—If you want to do the Samaritan act, here's the chance of your life! I'm in the worst mess I ever expected to be in. If you can detach yourself from civilization and its pleasures long enough to make your way into these country wilds you will find the wreck of me prone, with a disabled ankle-bone and paralyzed left arm (more or less) on one of Farmer Wittheiser's most commodious hask mattresses. I wasn't on a tear. (There's no telling what your base imagination ought the suspect.) Else I couldn't have been used worse if I had. It's a satisfaction to grumble a bit, you know. If you come on I can grumble at you still more. I might even relieve my feelings by shying a boot at you occasionally. They've stopped my writing, so this will have to do. Farmer Wittheiser's a mere amanuenser. Yours, in a scrawl, L. F.

P.S.—My doctor's a doctress. Vassar and New England type. F.

DEAR LEWIS—What in the name of ——? I'm speaking truth that when I got your note you could have knocked me over with a feather. My dear old boy, it's too bad, and no mistake. . . . Fancy standing pat with such a pickle. If I can get on, count upon me. Governor's doing Europe yet, you know. Old Miles is at the helm, and if he should get it into his head that I was slightly hamstrung the chance would be to pay. Claims of friendship, etc., don't go down much with the old man. See you as soon as possible. I may can get round the matter, though. I'll cut the office and take an early train. Meantime, keep your heart up, old Tom. Yours, BOB.

P.S.—I say, what's this about a woman doctor? Bounce her and get some one that's knows his business. If it's Vassar type it ought not to be hard to do. B.

It had not been many weeks before this that a letter, couched as below, went through the little postoffice (in one corner of the country store) in which Farmer Wittheiser drove, as the whim seized him for his mail.

DEAREST POLLY—What bright and original things did we not say the last time we chatted together in the library of your dear mother's beautiful home (such a poor sat as I felt in it!) and one was that it must always be past human knowledge what the future would bring forth. Do you remember? Your brother was there! You have written so often to ask me how I get on in my first Summer of independence. Will you think me very weak if I say that I am lonely and sad sometimes? Ah, Polly dear, you have so much, and always have had, you can't understand how I do with me and other impecunious creatures like myself! Well, I won't complain. I want you to continue to love me always! Will you promise me, Polly? My host is a strange old man, who for long has not known the barber's shears. He stares at me with unembarrassed inspection and said: "So you be a doctor?" I do not say "I be." But he bursts into a long and loud guffaw. "Wal, I declare!" he says. He does not seem to be able to get over the fact. As we drive over the stony roads, swaying from side to side in his creaky wagon, "Guess you won't have much practice 'round these parts," he volunteers. I humbly return that I scarcely expected that, having simply come for rest. And yet, dear Polly, I have a case on my hands indeed! And such a very interesting case—inflammatory rheumatism; but Mr. Fraser is such a very good patient. Body and head excellently balanced. I think I shall pull him through all right. This is his first attack—he's quite a young man. But of course I am anxious, desirous to do the best possible. He has no friends with him, and he does not want to send for his married sister, who seems to be his only available relation, because she has a sick child and is not strong herself. So he is keeping it all from every one. And naturally I have a sense of great responsibility. I can write no more just now. Dear Polly, you used to say that my appearance was such a disadvantage to me in my chosen career; that it was so (I really think I may say it) misleading. I think you were right. Only noble, loving women should bear the title which ought to be the highest man or woman can bear—that which sends one out into the world consecrated to the service and the healing of physically suffering humanity. Yours, CHARLOTTE.

Can I see Mr. Fraser? Will you show me his room?" inquired a small and neatly bearded man, with an alert eye and an unimpeachable portmanteau, of Farmer Wittheiser.

"Fraser!" repeated that worthy with deliberation. "Wal, I guess you kin. Though" —here the wide opening over the bristling gray mane which fringes his lower face opens on a wider gash and Mr. Wittheiser laughs with appreciation of some mysteriously humorous situation—"guess he's pretty peritickler."

"Oh, the doctor," said Bob Combley, with a sudden contraction of his well-shaped brows. "Yes, I've heard. Perhaps—perhaps," he continued, with decision in his brevity, "I might see the lady first."

"Wal, thar she be, now. See her yonder, comin' round by the gate! That be her."

Bob Combley stood motionlessly waiting while the figure thus designated approached with slow and rather trailing step. Her hat was more hat—of a green, gray, coarse, overshadowing pattern—than anything else about it when it finally, with a little shock of surprise, paused before his direct and sudden advance.

"I am a friend of Mr. Lewis Fraser. You are his physician, I understand. I hope there is no reason for my not seeing him?"

The young lady lifted her eyes at this from under the brim of her sun hat. They were very serious eyes and they seemed to take (for interlocutor's measure before their possessor observed:

"My patient must not be disturbed. He is doing well, but he must not be excited. However, if you are a friend and will not prolong your visit too much—"

She led the way into the farmhouse.

There was no doubt that Dr. Charlotte Lansmere was not the person to be, as Mr. Combley, in his rough and ready phrase had expected it, "bounced." Or if such a step were to be contemplated it was evident that it would at least not be accomplished as easily as he had imagined.

He broached the subject to Lewis Fraser in one of the latter's intervals of freedom from pain that very day.

"The deuce, Lewis! What are you thinking of? She'll never pull you through. She's nothing but a child."

"Not as much of a child as she looks," retorted Fraser, coloring with some show of irritation. "How old do you suppose she is?"

"By those eyes and that little, round, kittenish face, twelve. I'd like you to tell me, though, what her age really is. Bah! The situation is ludicrous to the last degree. I should like to see that little creature taking your symptoms and temperature. If you were on your feet she would barely come up to your shoulder. She does not come much above mine and I'm no Hercules."

"She's very clever. And she knows what she is about," reiterated Lewis Fraser, with the color deepening in his cheek.

There was a knock at the door, and the invalid cast a glance of guilty reproach toward his friend. The latter, overcome with consciousness, opened the door. With such partitions as these farm houses afforded every sound was audible without. And, sure enough, it was Dr. Charlotte Lansmere who stood in the hall, come on her second daily visit to her patient.

She passed without a look toward Mr. Robert Combley. And he, feeling as though he had struck her, sheepishly slinked out.

At tea he sat opposite the youthful doctor. He cleared his throat and offered her, deferentially, the butter. She met his persistent advance with a little upward look of wide, stricken dignity in her round blue eyes. Combley's shame deepened. It was not only like striking a woman, but like striking a child, too. "Positively she did not look more than fifteen. It was not honest, absolutely, for a girl to be perhaps twelve years older and yet have that mouth, those dimples.

"Have you made your peace with my doctor?" asked Fraser that night, as his friend sat by him again.

"Oh, make one's peace with her!" ejaculated Combley, dramatically. "She's as unapproachable as the poles. She makes me feel like a bandit, a pirate, a Herod—I don't know what."

"If she has the effect of converting you from your prejudices to a recognition of the fact that the professions are as honorable to her sex as for ours—"

"I don't object to the professions—abstractly. But, see here, what right has a woman like that to look soft and round and girlish. The least a lady doctor can to do is to have the stamp of it."

"I don't suppose she can make herself look hard and grizzly to bear out some idea of the fitness of things."

"By the way," asked Combley, after a pause, "since when have you taken this view of the capabilities of the sex? Didn't you used to have a few prejudices yourself?"

Within a week Fraser was up. To be sure it looked like a wreck, a spectre of him that crawled down leaning on Combley's arm one day to the warm Indian summer sunshine lingering through the pine grove. Farmer Wittheiser sauntered up with his hands in his protuberant pockets and said, "Wal, wal!" with a laugh meant to convey great encouragement. Dr. Lansmere colored and smiled and looked younger than ever.

"We should celebrate this occasion by some festivity, doctor," said Combley. "I don't know what better we can do than to take a tramp through the woods. Have you never heard of those ferns and autumn leaves you ladies are supposed to be so fond of. They might serve to decorate our invalid's room."

Dr. Lansmere colored more prettily than before.

"Don't be a fool," said the invalid curtly, as she went to get her hat—the classic, big-brimmed gray hat.

"Not on any account," retorted Combley, with a spark kindling in his eye. He laughed constrainedly and aimed a pebble at a chipmunk which had ventured forth on the spicy carpet of pine-needles a few steps off.

When the doctor came back the two men were looking in opposite directions.

"Wal," began Farmer Wittheiser, lounging up anew as the two figures disappeared down the green and russet vista, "that ere gal seems to me a first-rate binness man. They ain't no joke about her, I tell ye. She's up to the mark every time. Yes, sir. She ain't much to look at for size, but she's smart. I shouldn't wonder if she was a saltin' away every year a rich income—in a while. She's got good grit, an don't you forgit it! She seems to know the science of medicine first-rate, too."

Fraser, in silence, fumed. He wrought himself into a taciturn fury. When the two—his doctor and his friend—returned he had a fever. Dr. Lansmere took his pulse. She looked at him sharply

"This won't do. You've stayed out too long," she said, professionally.

Combley was there to hear in his room again. he saw them—Dr. Lansmere and Bob Combley—pacing leisurely back and forth in the mild, fresh, shortening light.

When Dr. Lansmere made her evening visit there was no patient to confront her, but only the man, and a surly man, much aggrieved.

"What do you mean?" she said, drawing herself up and turning pale.

"You are to blame! What do you care whether I'm ill or well? You go off with my friend and leave me. That is no way to treat a man who is at your mercy—who is in love with you!"

"Sh!" she started up. She spoke with trembling tones. "You—it is you who have no right to take advantage of your position to say to me such things."

She paused at the sound of a step on the stair.

"Excuse me. I am interrupting," said Combley, withdrawing again.

"Not at all. I have finished my visit," said Dr. Lansmere.

Combley looked from her to Fraser. He felt something in the air. He detected the agitation in the young woman's voice. They sat a moment in a pregnant silence. The two men avoided each other's eyes. The doctor put up powders with small, white fingers that trembled unprofessionally.

When she rose, Combley, with reckless defiance, followed. He was careless of costs. He had thrown "his bonnet over the mill." He intercepted the doctor in the gloaming of the porch. He made no circumlocutions. He was too desperate.

"If Fraser has been speaking to you I shall not be left behind. He may care for you, but I care for you more! We might as well have this thing out," he said, vehemently.

"Oh, your friend," cried Dr. Lansmere, with shuddering, unspeakable reproach.

"I don't wish him ill! But a man has a right to win a woman if he wants her, if she will have him. I want you. I want you to marry me. I will make any sacrifice you demand. You may go on with your profession. Answer me!"

"Oh!" she broke in upon his latter phrase. She raised averting hands. "I can't marry any one."

"Why!"

She fled.

That very night these two notes were left in the lank post bag which, when duly locked, was hung over the counter of the "store" en route for the early morning train:

DEAREST NED—It is impossible! You must come for me. I will tell you my reasons. Oh, it seems so long since we saw each other! I shall write to Polly. You must write to your mother. CHARLOTTE.

And likewise:

MY DEAR POLLY—Can you ever forgive us? Oh, try to! Your brother Ned and I were married—secretly—six months ago!

A Soldier's Bravery.

Many deeds of reckless daring are never recorded, but here is one, chronicled by no less a man than the great Duke of Wellington. He was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo. "I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure was no braver. He was only a private in the artillery, but had he survived the day, he would have been an officer. A farmhouse, with an orchard surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice or hazard. The hottest of the battle raged round this point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French, though they attacked the place again and again with great fury. At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the timber in the hedges took fire, and the orchard was soon surrounded by a ring of flame. A messenger had, however, been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farmhouse, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a thin and scanty fire through the flames which surrounded their post. The driver of the first wagon, with the reckless daring of an English boy, spurred his struggling and terrified horses through the burning heap; but the flames rose fiercely round, and caught the powder, which exploded in an instant, sending wagon, horses and rider in fragments into the air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate, the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for the moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smoldering breach, and, amid the deafening cheers of the garrison, landed his terrible cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up, and raged more fiercely than ever."

Second Nature.

Naomi—George, are you sure that you never before loved a woman as you love me?

George—Sure? As well ask me if I love the idolatrous creeds of the heathen as well as the pure religion of my fathers.

Naomi—How charmingly you say that.

George (absently)—I've said it often enough in my life to do it charmingly.

A St. Louis paper says:—"The steamboat Clifton blew up yesterday. The captain swam ashore, and so did the chambermaid. She was insured for $3,000 and loaded with railroad iron."

"How is your son getting along in New York Mr. Hayseed?" "I guess he ain't doin' as well as he says he is. He was home t'other day and had on a colored shirt an' a white collar. I raythier suspect he's behind with his washerwoman."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Voices of a Wedding.

[St. Magog's, 7:30 p.m.—Awning up and steps carpeted. Populace beginning to assemble without. Within, ushers struggling with new kids and nervously-arranging neckties.

Head usher (flurried and perspiring)—Relatives there—first four rows, you understand—and, for heaven's sake, don't make any mistake, for they'll all be down on me if you do. Harry, don't stand in front of the couple, as you did at rehearsal—keep back. Charlie and Fred, you take the right-hand aisle, you take the left. Keep your eyes on me and do not walk too fast, you made an awful mess of it this afternoon. And—quick, there's a party—the Sachet girls. Remember to take the wraps—you're always forgetting that.

[Guests arrive rapidly, every one wishing a seat in the center aisle. Ushers active—tongues of guests likewise.]

Gushing maiden—Now, Mr. Clawhammer, do give me a nice front pew, won't you? I'm so anxious to see the last of dear Milly!

Friend of the groom—St. Harry—Give me a stall—no, no, I mean a pew—four rows back, opposite center of sta—there I go again!—change cel! Why, where's my check?—oh, no, I don't need any, do I!—beg pardon—little out of my line this!

George—Confound the luck! All the pretty girls take Charley's aisle, and I don't get anybody but old ladies and married people.

Mrs. Pusher (very calmly)—What do you say? —these seats reserved for family? Oh, what a blunder I've made! Well, never mind—one won't make much difference; well, if necessary, I can move, of course. I'll stay here for the present, thanks. (And she does as she had intended from the first.)

Sympathetic soul—Why, there's poor Bert! How could he bear to come here, feeling as he must? Ever since the cashier was out, I hear, he's lived on nothing but seltzer and sandwiches—

Second sympathetic soul—And he's lost his situation at the railroad office just for writing a sonnet, "Another's Bride," on the fly-leaf of the oil and waste account.

Both (pitifully)—Poor fellow!

Slighted matron—Those Joneses have been put six rows ahead of me. Who are they, I should like to know?

Ancient person—I'm a relative! Yes. Young man, I am! I knew the family long before Caleb went into pork—and glad enough he used to be to dine with old uncle and save a meal, when he—(Is left undisturbed.)

Miss Verjuice—It is reported that more than half the presents are her sister's, and they knew the occasion. Mrs. Pryer is sure she recognizes the French clock she gave Mary four years ago; while, as for Mr. Chine's one-thousand-dollar check, I don't believe it was ever meant to be cashed. And the groom's diamonds may or may not be rhinestones, but this much is certain—that seven different people claim to have seen them in Cohn's window, marked, "Your choice for ten dollars." I wouldn't insinuate anything for the world, but—

[Eight o'clock. Church crammed full and running over. Whereupon—]

Everybody—
They say he's
- got an awful temper.
- almost constantly intoxicated.
- lost all his money.
- some relation to Lady Simmery Axe.

And she's
- been engaged nine times.
- four wives living.
- worth a million.
- dead broke.

- jilted a French count.
- never had an offer before.
- acted like a fool.
- crazy about Charley.
- dreadfully extravagant.
- meaner than the meanest.
- done all the love-making.
- over thirty.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi! Here dey comes!

[In the vestibule. Enter bridal party, all more or less excited. Bride, carefully veiled, prepaid, is smoothed and prinked into shape by family, who endeavor at once to lighten up her ruffles and spirits.]

The family—Come, dear, don't be frightened—it'll soon be over—and, whatever you do, don't bend too forward, it'll muss your hair—it's a good trial, I know—and that's why I insisted on knife plaiting—Augustus keep your mind on the ceremony and your feet off her dress, please—she's so sensitive—and the gathers may tear out.

The bride's mother—Now, Mr. Clawhammer! Head usher—All ready, organ!

The bride's sister—Oh, stop, do stop a minute! Bertha, have you a pin? Just a second! There!

Head usher—All ready, or—

The bride's mother—Wait, wait! Good gracious, Milly, one of your hair-pins shows as plainly as can be! It's right now!

Head usher—All read—

The bride—Oh, Bertha, I'm positive my train isn't straight—it pulls awfully when I move! That's better.

Head usher—All—

The bride's other sister—Oh-h-h-h-h! Milly, darling, here's your handkerchief—I almost forgot—and what if—

Head usher (desperate at last, and ignoring every attempt to stop him)—All ready, organready, ready—go ahead there—start—begin—play up!

[The organ begins prelude to march. Head usher, unconsciously melodramatic, speaks though music, videlicet]

Head usher (whispering)—George, keep step with me—left foot, when I give the word—not too fast, and look straight ahead. Now!

The organ (Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Head usher (For—ward!

[Enter procession, encountering cross-fire of stares, scandal, criticisms, and comments.]

The ladies—Oh, isn't that dress—Belle, she's certainly murdered—I'm sure of it. It's perfectly lovely—I'm sure of it. It's too much—I mean—no, Chantilly—it can't be Brussels—oh, tulle, after all! He's an older man than I supposed—handsome, don't you think? Why, he's forty, I know—and bold, too! They call that a Worth, but Lou says Snipper made it on the sly. She's cool enough, I must say! I wouldn't marry a man like that, if I never. . . . Poor fellow, he's yet to see her in one of her tantrums! Her temper is quite spoiled, don't she? Should think she would, after three years of struggle. How white she is—not becoming at all! Well, she's disposed of, at last!

The gentleman—Love, she's a beauty! I could have had her, if I'd chosen. Rather a poor sort of chap for the girl. How he'd squirm if he knew the number of times I've spoken her driving! Wonder if she remembers what a time we had together only last summer! etc.

The clergyman—Dearly beloved—

The bride (sotto voce)—Augustus, you've the ring, haven't you? Now, don't drop it when—

The clergyman—Take this man to love, cherish and to—

The bride—Be gay!

The groom—And with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

The clergyman—Amen.

The organ—Lohengrin Wedding March.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi!—*Manley H. Pike in The Daughters of America.*

No Gentleman.

"Sir," said a Tucson girl to her Eastern escort at a ball, "your are no gentleman."

"Why, I—I—don't understand you; really I don't."

"Oh, no, I presume not," she replied haughtily.

"Indeed, miss, I am really at loss to know how I have offended you."

"I suppose so," was the cold and sneering reply, "but a fellow don't insult *me* twice."

"I must insist on an explanation. What have I done?"

"Done! I'd ask! Here I've danced three sets with you and waltzed till I'm ready to drop, and you ain't bought so much as a stick of gum, and all the other girls' fellows have escorted them over to that grocery across the street and bought 'em peppermint drops and sweet crack rs and prunes and cider. Good night, *sir;* I will return to my *gentlemen* friends."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Watcher.

The sheep are smothered in the snow;
The chill-eyed stars are clewing keen
The frozen air; and, sailing slow,
The white moon stares across the scene.

She waits beside the fading fire,
The gaslight taper flickeringly low,
And drooping down, and rising higher,
Her shadow wavers to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor,
No motion save the winter breath
That, stealing through the crannied door,
Creeps coldly as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream,
O cold, O careless midnight blast!
It wakes her as her fevered dream
Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night has drawn
Its silken curtain of stars way,
And now the infant streaks of dawn
Begin to prophesy the day,

She stirs not yet. Within her eve,
The hope crushed tear-drop lingers still;
She stirs not, and the smothered sigh
Breaks wave-like on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove,
O heart that must unheeded break,
How strong the hope, how deep the love,
That burn for faithless folly's sake!

Capturing Them Unawares.

Mr. Longhair.—Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with something of startling interest and end with a patent medicine advertisement?

Writer.—I do work of that sort, occasionally, sir.

Mr. Longhair.—Well, I wish you would get me up something about a prize fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scandal, or anything the public are especially interested in, and then spring on them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will you do to be saved?" "Lay out up for yourself treasures upon earth," etc. I'm a tract distributor.

Mistaken Identity.

Confidence man (to stranger whose named he had learned from the hotel register)—Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope your are well and happy.

General Scabbard—Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me.

C. M. (confused)—In what way?

G. S.—I am not much acquainted here and have a check which I wish to get ca— Well, bless my heart, how that man can travel. Thinks he is in danger of being fleeced by one of his own kind.—*Boston Budget.*

For Papa, of Course.

"I want a pair of squeaky slippers, size tens,' said a blushing young lady to a shoe clerk yesterday.

"Who are they for?' he asked.

"For papa, of course. Then George can tell when he's coming."—*Kansas City News.*

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Saturday Night Again.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT have reason to again thank the reading public for the exceedingly generous patronage bestowed upon this journal, the last issue having been sold out before four o'clock on Saturday.

Arrangements have just been closed whereby the choicest gems of European engraving will be reproduced for this journal, thus giving our readers a class of illustration not exceeded in beauty on this continent. We cannot felicitate ourselves on the success of all of the local illustrations which we have so far attempted, it seeming almost impossible to perfect the processes which we have been using for reproducing photographs and pen-and-ink sketches. We are not discouraged, however, and will persevere until we achieve perfection. That such work has not been done in Toronto before makes it difficult to obtain those skilled in the art, and we must ask our readers to grant us an extension of time and have faith that the work will be up to the standard which we promised in our opening number. There are now on the presses an edition of nearly 20,000 of this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT which, from the success of its predecessors, we believe will find sale.

Bank Breakers.

It is seldom a bank starts business, booms itself and bursts as quickly as the Central did.

In several respects it struck a marvelous "go as you please" gait and will go on record as one of the swiftest things of its kind. From the president down it was and will remain a monument of inflated incompetence, if nothing worse.

Now that the end has come, but one of two reasons suggests itself to the business public as the motive of the Central's establishment. The first and more charitable reason is the fondness of people for being connected with a bank or monetary institution. Somehow the very handling of money in this shoddy age gives tone to a man and all his relations. If a man can be a bank president he imagines himself established as a leader of society and one of the magnates of the city. The cringing of weak merchants and the hat-in-hand deference of men who have no need to go a-begging encourages managers and directors to assume a bullying tone which in the vulgar begets a feeling of superiority. The craze to be a bank clerk or to have one's sons in a bank also encourages silly and purse-proud people to take stock in enterprises which have no reason or right to succeed.

Nothing is more certain of failure than an institution born of this itching for commercial or social position. The directors and managers are almost certain to be nobodies who have married or made a little wealth, and desire to be known as financiers and great capitalists. The same shoddy impulse leads those in charge to make loans to people who have nothing to recommend them excepting assurance or social prestige. Still further this foolish ambition determines them to outrun other competitors, and to cut a swell which is sure to swamp the boat.

The other and more guilty reason which was one of the two suggested as having been the possible motive of the Central's establishment, is a desire on the part of those who claim to have charge, of being able to fleece the shareholders. The heavy overdrafts of the directors unfortunately lends color to such an assumption. The brevity and astounding recklessness of the bank's career, the diversion of the funds into private enterprises of questionable merit, the seeming willingness of the directors to pass worthless accounts so long as their own accounts were not interfered with, point at least to criminal carelessness on the part of the directorate.

Too often there are people who deceive even themselves by a pretension of honesty. Perhaps they do not intend to do wrong, and would be enraged if a clear-sighted and candid friend pointed out that their course must end in disaster to some one and dishonor to themselves. There is no reason why the Central Bank management could not see disaster ahead, and their blindness can only be accounted for, in face of their private overdrafts, on the basis that they didn't care what happened, so long as it didn't happen to them.

All this but adds another proof to the many our own city and country have provided, that commercial honor is being more or less abandoned by the large class of business men who trade principally on borrowed capital. They seem to think the bank a legitimate object of plunder. In this respect they are morally identical with the bank burglar. The burglar obtains the money by the use of drill and "jimmy," while the higher-toned thief gets hold of the wealth which he has no intention of paying back, by means of worthless paper, fraudulent pretensions, and sleek promises. The burglar is less dangerous than the commercial liar and cheat, and where the cracksman breaks a vault, the other scoundrel breaks the bank. If there is any difference in the enormity of the offence it is in favor of the burglar; but the punishment meted out by society is all heaped on the head of the cracksman, who, when caught, goes to penitentiary, while the more astute and more sneaking bank breaker remains in business and hardly forfeits a friend or social advantage.

True, the bank is paid to take risks, but no manager can escape if he knowingly deals with robbers. Honest men have to pay higher interest to enable banks to stand the losses inflicted on them by men who have no sense of moral responsibility, and just as soon as it generally becomes a question of beating a bank whenever a chance offers, just then will banking become usury.

It is time honest men, who pay their bills and incur no debts they are unable to settle, boycott the wreckers who are every day making honesty more difficult and business more corrupt.

Some Saturday Nights.

Another week almost gone. Another Saturday night about to enfold us. Saturday night! What a lot of pleasant thoughts the words suggest. Cessation from the week's labor, the day of rest on the morrow, the close of a week which finds wife and little ones happy and hopeful, the consciousness of six days of work well done, at peace with the world, a feeling of thankfulness to the Giver of all Good that comes with the Sabbath's dawn. These are things to think about, things to be grateful for, things to put life and spirit into the heart of the work-a-day people in this prosaic old world of ours. Men and women have so much more to be grateful for than to worry over that if they could only put the comforts and pleasures of life in one scale, and the worries and disappointments in the other, they would see that life is not the burden that all too many make it out to be. Every Saturday night brings its list of discouragements, but it more than counterbalances them by its list of comforts.

The week's work may be to many a race after riches, and to all such no measure of success however much heaped up, would be satisfying. There is always the yearning for more. But to the great mass of those who go forth, morning after morning, tin pail in hand, Saturday night comes like a benediction. The happiest people in the world are the working classes. They are the happiest because they have the fewest cares, the fewest anxieties, and selfishness has not eaten its way into their hearts, as it has into the hearts of those whose only thought is the accumulation of wealth.

What joyous Saturday nights each of us can recall as he casts his mind over the days that are gone, the days of the long ago, when life was a pleasant dream, the present was everything, and the future naught but a hazy and indistinct picture, hardly worthy of a serious thought. To how few is life the thing they planned it out. The struggle for existence soon destroys sentiment, and in the jostling of the crowd the fine edges of one's nature are soon rubbed off. But the world is a world of activity, and those who fall behind are soon forgotten, and may be thankful if they are not trodden down by the multitude as it pushes on from one Saturday night to another, as if the week were all too short in which to do the things they have set their minds to do. The greatest blessing that one could ask is contentment. To be content with what we have is a surer road to happiness than any other that could be named. It is hard, no doubt, when one sees the luxury and extravagance of the wealthy, for the poorer ones to be reconciled to their lot, but it has passed into a proverb that wealth does not bring happiness, and that the road to peace of mind does not lie along the rosy path of luxury.

There are few countries in which the comforts of life are more generally distributed than in this, or in which positions of preferment are within the reach of the many. When one looks at the lands beyond the sea and contrasts the lot of the toilers there with that of the people of this, room for contentment there surely is.

But to some, Saturday night brings no joy—the poor and the wretched, the sick and the suffering, the willing workers who have sought employment in vain and go to their sad homes to look in the faces of wife and little ones with the same sorrowful story to tell—no work to be had. There are kind hearts everywhere, and among the poor, the dispirited and the despairing always find the frankest sympathy; but to seek for work in vain, to be willing to turn their hand to anything that will help to keep the wolf from the door, and yet to seek and not find—this is hard indeed, and yet it is the lot of many a poor fellow who faces Saturday night with a heavy heart, and is tempted to think that Providence has forgotten him and that the world is cold and cruel. To such the laughter of little children, the sweetest sound in the universe—is full of torture and hopelessness, and the sound of the church-going bell a mockery.

How little the great, restless, rollicking world knows of the sorrows of the poor and of the struggle it is on the part of many to keep body and soul together. Happy the man whose hands are never idle. He has true contentment, and as idleness is the parent of vice, contentment is the parent of pleasant thoughts, and of all companions happy thoughts are the best. The merchant, as Saturday night comes round, counts up his gains and his losses, the lawyer thinks of the cases he has won or lost, the doctor of the patients he has saved or failed to save, the clergyman of the duties he is to perform on the morrow, but happiest of all is the man who takes his earnings home and places them in his wife's lap while eyes look into eyes that speak again. But to all, soon or late, there comes a Saturday night whose close will usher in a day of eternal rest.

There are many who heard with regret of the death of D'Arcy Boulton, Q. C., which occurred on Tuesday of this week. He was a popular man, especially so with the business and club men of the city, and had numerous friends. Mr. Boulton was fifty-four years old at the time of his death. He was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland and was a son of the late Hon. Henry J. Boulton, who was the Solicitor-General of Newfoundland for many years. Subsequently he moved to Toronto.

D'Arcy Boulton was a lawyer, and a Conservative. He belonged to both the Toronto and Albany clubs, and was solicitor for the Northern and Northwestern railways. He was at one time a prominent figure in municipal affairs and took the greatest interest in all matters affecting the city. He leaves a wife and six children. Personally he was affable, pleasant and courteous.

Dr. Wild and His Methods.

EXPLANATORY.—"THERE ARE TEN DIFFERENT MEANINGS OF JUDAH!"

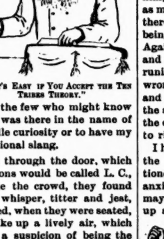
"Good evening, Mr. Don," was the greeting I received from the young man at the side door of the Bond street church last Sunday evening at a quarter to seven. "Go into the Board Room and get a ticket."

I went into the Board Room, which is a business like apartment, and got a ticket from a young gentleman at a table. It reminded me very much of the many times in Bohemian days when I "worked" the theatrical manager's little office for a pass, and there was nothing in the surroundings to disabuse my mind of the idea. The official who had directed me to the Board Room took up my ticket and gave me a check, which he instructed me to present to the inner doorkeeper. This strengthened the theatrical illusion, and when, after yielding up the check, an usher gave me a seat in what much resembles the orchestra of an opera house, I really felt expectant of bald heads as I gazed at the front row.

Dress circle and parquette are there, but the upper gallery, the throne of the "gods," where in theatres newsboys and students and other hilarious persons do so often congregate, alone was absent, for the rows of seats for the choristers behind the reading desk are for all the world like a stage, and the oak organ is a proper scenic background.

The auditorium was more than half filled before the public doors were opened, and the ticketless multitude thronged in with the noisy rush that signals the opening of the gallery doors when a big attraction is playing at the Grand. I was glad I had been able to work the oracle at the side door, and did not have to join in the scramble for seats, for, despite the disagreeable weather, the crush was considerable, and not a pew was left vacant.

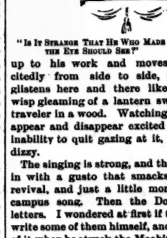
I confess to a prejudice against the Rev. Dr. Wild. I had heard him once on the platform, but never in the pulpit, and felt justified in considering him an arrant quack. As I watched the crowd jamming through the doorways, I felt half ashamedlest the few who might know me would imagine I was there in the name of religion, to satisfy idle curiosity or to have my ears tickled by sensational slang.



"IT'S EASY IF YOU ACCEPT THE TEN TRIBES THEORY."

The choir straggled through the door, which in dramatic instructions would be called L. C., or Left Center. Like the crowd, they found their places amidst whisper, titter and jest, and I was not surprised, when they were seated, to hear the organ strike up a lively air, which was redeemed from a suspicion of being the most popular Lancers by a slow and dignified measure, mixed with the joyous undertone of the minuet.

Then Dr. Wild came in and the gentleman somewhat in front of me ceased leaning over the back of the seat to talk with his neighbors. The Doctor placed the tips of his four fingers in the middle of his forehead and seemed to have a word of prayer. This was the only really conventional thing he did, and it struck me that as he had just left his vestry-cloak-room he would probably call it—he would have followed Scripture more closely had he secretly made his personal petition there, rather than before his audience. He sat down, and when the choir rose to sing, they seemed to be arranged in the pyramidal style so popular in the opening scene of a minstrel performance. The intermittent drum tone of the organ and the refrain so often introduced in the singing, increased this effect, and the Doctor, sitting in the center, was a striking "interlocutor."



"IS IT STRANGE THAT HE WHO MADE THE EYE SHOULD SEE?"

I know I shouldn't mention it, but the organist sits with his back to the audience and has a bald spot on the posterior top of his head. When he plays he is partially obscured from the audience by the choir, but when he warms up to his work and moves his head excitedly from side to side, that bald spot glistens here and there like the will-o'-the-wisp gleaming of a lantern swung by belated traveler in a wood. Watching that shiny spot appear and disappear excited in me a morbid inability to quit gazing at it, which made me dizzy.

The singing is strong, and the audience joins in with a gusto that smacks somewhat of a revival, and just a little more of a students' campus song. Then the Doctor read some letters. I wondered at first if the Doctor didn't write some of them himself, and was pretty sure of it when he struck the Moabitic stone—I don't guarantee that it was Moabitic, but something of that sort. He was evidently and elaborately prepared on that point, and withal interesting. Probably there is another man in the city besides himself who is absorbed in the "Ten Tribes theory." One of his letters seemed to indicate this, but I cannot imagine anyone believing Dr. Wild in earnest when he strikes his flail on that much-beaten and dusty straw which never yet yielded any grist.

He was importuned, in one of the epistles he read, to preach a sermon on temperance and lock horns with Rev. Mr. Macdonnell. The Doctor explained that he had already spoken his views many times, and intimated that he did not want to be made the bob-tail of any mayoralty campaign. As to Mr. Macdonnell, in point of law and doctrine, he was able to hold his position against the whole city, but he (Dr. Wild) thought that temperance was not a question of law but of expediency. I think the Doctor was a little unfortunate in his terms right here, for expediency has a bad sound and is a bad thing when opposed to principle. Example would have been a better word, but the Doctor's illustration made the matter plain.

In announcing ex-Gov. St. John's temperance lecture in his church the Doctor explained that it was not to be a mayoralty campaign meeting, as he would be ashamed to have his pulpit turned into an election hustings. He would instruct Gov. St. John not to introduce local issues, and hoped other churches would do the same, though he supposed they would do as they pleased. In this connection, in a few manly words, the Doctor sharply condemned the attempt to coerce congregations made by some clergymen on this temperance and election issue. He would vote as he saw fit, and his congregation should do the same. He would permit no interference with his conscience and they had no right to permit any interference with theirs. He deprecated the rush and rage for laws to restrain what could only be cured by education and the devolution of generations.

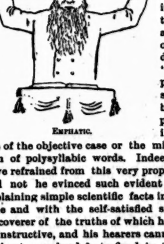
"HOW WILL YOU MEET THAT, MR. INFIDEL?"

But the time would come when there would be "a temperance age, a smokeless age, a moral age, a gambless age." "A gambless age" struck me as being new.

And while speaking of the Doctor's extemporaneous remarks, I might point out that while "in my eye" is slangy, it is neither pointed nor strong. I observed also that the Doctor has a choice fund of colloquial expressions which bid defiance to every known rule of grammar and rhetoric.

It is easy to forgive, in an involved sentence a singular verb preceded away back in the procession by a plural nominative, but it is hard to pass without mention such liberties with the English language as "I am as good as him, and likely enough he thinks he is as good as me." I do not quote the phrase exactly, but there is no mistake about the objective case being unequally yoked with the verb "to be." Again I was reminded of "Youth and home and that sweet time when first I heard the runic rhyme" of participles with the "g" gone wrong. For instance "livin' bein'"—these and a score of similar words jogged forth with the same sweetly rustic sound that came from the creaking of the old wagon on which I used to ride to mill.

I have not enumerated all the inelegancies of the Doctor's English, nor would I have mentioned any if I had not detected in him an over anxiety to criticise the learning of others. It may not be inconsistent for a man who stands up and broadly intimates to his congregation that he is better posted in biblical history and interpretation than any scholar of his age, to drop his "g's," but pedantry should not be accompanied by an illegitimate use of the objective case or the mispronunciation of polysyllabic words. Indeed, I would have refrained from this very proper criticism had not he evinced such evident delight in explaining simple scientific facts in the elated tone and with the self-satisfied smile of the discoverer of the truths of which he spoke. He is instructive, and his hearers cannot go away without some hard facts fixed in their minds, but his lessons are marred by the tone of the prophet and the assumption of the sage.



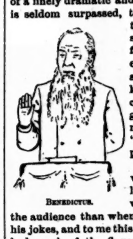
EMPHATIC.

After the singing and the collection—but I must remark the Doctor's rather indelicate joke anent the latter. He said a good many of them should feel liberal after his expression of such liberal views on the temperance question. I looked around at once for the hotel men, and wondered if they would be generous in their donations. Yet I thoroughly believe the Doctor had no idea of suggesting a commercial motive as the basis of his expression of liberality in his temperance talk. It was simply a straining after humor, which, when forced, is always feeble and generally in bad taste, and of misleading looseness.

As I was saying, after the collection the Doctor got down to his work in more thoughtful and grammatical style, which, however, was marred by the smile which seemed sure to shine out when he made some surprising statement of which he appeared to desire the audience to consider him the inventor. But as he preached, the true reason of the permanency of his success appeared. He preaches the plain old-fashioned Gospel, mixed with no non sense except the Ten Tribes, and I can endure them when—uninvited and unwelcome, perhaps—they travel with Truth.

"YOUR SIN WILL BE BROUGHT HOME TO YOU!"

Dr. Wild is a man of ability. He is probably as much of an orator as any man who stands in a Toronto pulpit. Nature has been kind to him, and he has made the most of his advantages. His gestures are sometimes unnecessary, but they are graceful and significant. His voice, strong and distinct, can be heard at a great distance and is capable of a fairly dramatic and vibratory effect, which is seldom surpassed, though I imagine, from twice hearing him, is seldom used with any full knowledge of its effect. With that voice and the power that keen observation of character and events give him, Dr. Wild needs none of the arts of the "fakir" to make him a power.



BENEDICTUS.

As he described a son who "had taken on the look of his father" he was more popular with the audience than when they were applauding his jokes, and to me this section of the discourse had much of the flavor of his old Methodist training. He has a power to touch the heart seldom possessed by preachers, and as he spoke of things godly and the day when we must all go up for trial, I was convinced that he is not a quack but a devout man, with broader views, more courage, and maybe a weakness or two more declared than those of some of his clerical brethren. As the services drew toward a close I respected him more and more. The reverential vibration of the tone, the tender touching of some chords that rude fingers never reach, the voicing of the old fashioned untinkered truth, made me like him and trust him more than I ever expected to.

As the world is wide and has its latitudes and its longitudes, so truth is not tied up in a napkin and is not capable of the same exposition by every man or to every man. We are too ready to pronounce a verdict of quackery or insincerity on those who use new methods or dare be natural; and henceforth I will use the first sermon I heard Dr. Wild preach as another example of the folly of judging a man by the report of those, who like myself, had no knowledge to bring to judgment or has not the discernment to see that as there is a glory of the sun and a glory of the stars, so there is glory in a man daring to be original and having the power of bringing the truth home to the heart by methods which experience has taught the proper man to use, in defiance of prejudice.

DON.

Some Personals.

Cold type has a wonderful fascination for some people. They yearn to see their own names and the names of their friends in print, and there is always a period in the life of every man and most women when the inspiration comes to write something for the press, if it's nothing more than a three line item about a broken sidewalk or a dilapidated crossing. With but the faintest idea of composition and a very indifferent notion of what constitutes plain English, they waste ink, paper and time that might be profitably spent in digging ditches, in an almost fruitless endeavor to transcribe their thoughts into writing. When the wished-for result is achieved, the production is fired into some newspaper office and a period of anxious waiting ensues. If it appears in type the proud author sets himself up on a pedestal and condescends to look down at the lesser literary lights of the past; if it does not appear the author's opinion of the editor would make that gentleman a candidate for a cell in a lunatic asylum.

This is especially the case where a paper is concerned that makes a business of publishing personal items and society news and gossip. Notwithstanding the fact that in the first number of SATURDAY NIGHT it was explained that nothing scandalous or scurrilous was wanted, and that every effort would be made to keep out items that might possibly offend people, this office has since been flooded with communications that run the gamut of stupidity, vulgarity, indecency and scurrility, and which, if they ever crept into type, would cause a riot. There is no especial merit in not permitting the publication of these things. No self-respecting newspaper would ever dream of giving them space, and the fact of their being sent in only shows how limited are the ideas of many outsiders as to the province of legitimate journalism, and where news ends and impertinence begins. From several pages of foolscap written by an individual who signs himself The Prowler it is worth while to make some excerpts, always bearing in mind the fact that the names and locations have been changed. His excuse for writing is found in the statement that SATURDAY NIGHT's society column is not lively enough to suit the boys, and he proposes to brighten it up a bit, thus:

If Jimmy Hayseed don't quit spooning over that Shuter street gate, we will have to give it to him up in the neck. James, we are onto you.

Billy McGlue's mashed on a red-headed girl named Sarah Ann. She slings hash in a ten-cent York street joint. Billy takes her out riding behind a white horse. Billy is no slouch about sun-burnt locks himself.

Some friends of Miss Minnie McGinty spent the evening at her house a few evenings ago while the old man was out of town. Min's office is a leather as an entertainer, and dished up her pop's grub and bottled ale in great shape.

We are pleased to note that Slashy McGinnis has been made head barkeep at the Pinfeather. Slashy is popular with the ladies, and is the prime delight of the cultivated circles in which he moves. We wish you luck, Slashy.

Miss Lizzie McNoie, the popular duchess of Duchess street, seems to be all broke up to a Jude in an insurance office. Better shake him, Liz, and give some of the other boys a chance to sip the honey from your sweet lips.

It seems to us that Johnny Giddes is putting on too much style for the money he makes. Come down a few pegs, John, or your name will be Dinnis.

When Arthur Agony was spending a few hours with Mary Blazon the other evening, Mary thought to fix up with ham sandwiches so salt that he hasn't been able to do anything since but drink water. Mary would be a shining light in a temperance society, if it wasn't for her big feet.

And so on without limit.

This sort of stuff may be interesting enough for some people, and there may possibly be journals that will publish it. But SATURDAY NIGHT will not. We are always glad to receive legitimate news—engagements, weddings, "evenings," At Homes, parties, balls, notes of people visiting friends, etc., but we do not desire offensive personal paragraphs, paragraphs that do no good and are very likely to cause harm. People who cannot unload better material than this might as well give their pens a rest, so far, at least, as SATURDAY NIGHT is concerned.

Here and There.

If the International Association of Professional Baseball Players is anxious to have a birthday, the International Association of Professional Baseball Players has got to call itself off somewhat. The clubs that seceded from the old league and formed the new concern, relying evidently on the great reduction in traveling expenses for next season through the dropping of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania clubs, are branching out into all sorts of expenses and offering all sorts of fancy prices for good players. I am told that the Hamilton management recently undertook to pay as high as $2,600 for a pitcher for next season, while London the less was only some $700 behind in a similar proposal. This would be all right if either of these cities could stand the expense, but they can't, and if they enter the race at such a clip they will both strike the same sort of an aggravating snag that the Hamilton club did last year. Why, even in Toronto, one of the best-paying cities in the circuit, the local association cannot afford any such money for players, and it is essentially silly and stupid for places smaller and less prosperous than Toronto to think for one moment of doing it. Neither at home nor abroad will the attendance warrant any such expenditure.

* * *

The fact is that the efforts should be all the other way. The tendency to reduce expenses ought to rule. A salary limit of $1,200 or $1,500 should be introduced and rigidly adhered to. A third or fourth-rate league cannot honestly afford to pay more. In every other business in the world men take steps to curtail expenses and run things with an eye to profit as well as loss, but most baseball managers take too many chances, and in consequence the debit side of the ledger presents the most profitable appearance. If the salary limit I suggest were adopted we might not see quite such good players as we have now, but perfectly competent men could be secured for that money, and baseball would be fostered and firmly established by it. As it is, a proprietary interest in an international baseball team is likely to prove an expensive luxury.

* * *

I like baseball and I want to see it flourish here, but it never will be patronized as it should, so long as certain discreditable associations of the game are permitted to cling to it like a barnacle to a ship's side. We have such men here as E. S. Cox, who have worked long and spent much money to give it a proper tone and standing, but their efforts to elevate it have all fallen flat on account of the sneering tatations of some of their co-workers. A couple of years or so ago there were grave scandals, semi-revealed, of drunkenness, debauchery, and downright dishonesty, which should have been a warning to those gentlemen who are seeking to give the game a proper standing, but judging by recent occurrences the lesson of those days has been lost. If a certain element were pruned away, it would undoubtedly change the character of the audiences at baseball games, and ladies and their escorts might patronize one of the best of outdoor sports, without fear of being compelled to sit next some painted pariah, or of having their ears assailed by coarse jests and rude oaths. In Hamilton the game has been so conducted that what we commonly call the "best" people of the community are its patrons, and it is something more than a sport for the scum and scrapings of humanity. Do not misunderstand me, I am a Democrat from the crown of my head to my little toe-nails, but Democracy does not necessarily include all those people one does not care to introduce into the privacy of one's home circle.

* * *

It has frequently been urged here that a baseball audience and the theatrical audience are on the same level. Very true. But do you think for one moment that if a theater were habitually patronized by gamblers, blacklegs, women of the town and other people that one is not accustomed to meet in polite society—if such were the case, do you think ladies and gentlemen would extend their patronage to that theater? Maybe they would, but I doubt it.

* * *

There is not much use kicking though. The cat has jumped the wrong way, and I suppose it's too late to change the direction. But it's a big, big Pity.

* * *

Just one word more. From what announcements of teams I have seen made so far, and from what I know of the players, I think Hamilton has the strongest nine in the field for next season. It is is just Hamilton's luck, however, to have the best team and yet come out at the small end of the horn. That is a way Hamilton has of doing things generally.

* * *

To one who has lived in France, England or America the iron chains with which Canadians bind their Sundays seem silly and hypocritical. In Toronto, for instance, nine-tenths of the drug stores keep cigars, yet unless you know the proprietor well you can't buy one on Sunday for love or money. Everything else in the store can be bought—medicine, perfumery, hair-dye or whatever else you like. But no cigar. Just as if it made a man any the worse a Christian to smoke a cigar on Sunday! Such Christianity as that is fanatical and absurd. I would not care to advocate the opening of cigar stores on Sundays, but as the drug stores are open anyhow, I don't see why they should not sell cigars to those who did not purchase a sufficent supply the day before. It is the rankest kind of inconsistency that will allow a man to buy a bottle of scent and refuse him a cigar. It is based on an exploded idea that tobacco and salvation can't be loaded on the same ship. Out upon such vile hypocrisy. It is on a par and in the same spirit as the cruelty and rapine of the by-gone ages when men were murdered and tortured by the sniveling professors of Him who died, and whom they could neither appreciate nor understand.

* * *

Of course there are many druggists here who calmly transgress the spirit, if not the letter of the law. The other Sunday I paid a quarter for a half-a-dozen acid drops, and two cigars were given me by the druggist as a present, for which I was very grateful. I smoked my cigars, and went to church in the evening feeling none the less a Christian for my pleasure with the weed.

* * *

The latest news about the *Empire* is that it will make its first appearance on Monday next. Manager Creighton has engaged T. A. Gregg to do the exchange work. Gregg was formerly night editor of the *World*, and before that on the editorial staff of the *News* during Mr. Sheppard's proprietorship of that paper. He is an old-time newspaper man, and one of the best in the business. The *Empire* is gathering some of the cleverest men in Toronto to its ranks, and they will make it live, bright and progressive. I hear it starts out with a *bona fide* subscription list of 12,000. The sporting desk on the *Mail* has been taken by "Major" Williams, who formerly occupied a similar position on the *Globe*, and Williams' place has been filled by George Simpson, a bright young writer, whose father edits the *Presbyterian Review*. I think this is probably the only instance on record when religious and sporting authorities dwell together in the same family in peace and harmony. Toronto is now overflowing with newspapers. There is not support for them all. Every man you meet almost thinks differently about the spot where the shoe will pinch, and I suppose all we can do is to wait patiently for the survival of the fittest. There is one thing certain: that as the *Empire* has a big bank account behind it, it is bound to stand for a time.

* * *

In the kind of weather we've been having recently the man with the family umbrella looms up as a big brute. He bangs and bumps and booms along the streets, sending terror to your corns and streams of black alpacca rain-water down your back. He knows no compunction and has no mercy. He wades through the throng with the reckless majesty of big feet and brawn. He knocks off hats and bonnets with wild and wanton freedom, and leaves behind him a wake of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. He never thinks of elevating his ancient parachutical relic, but pushes his way along the streets with blind, indifferent, damnable bluntness and stupidity. The man with the family umbrella is a brute and an accursed thing.

* * *

Plans are now complete of the Parkdale lake front drive and boulevard, and if carried out as proposed by Mr. J. J. Threlkeld and Mr. W. M. Hall, it will be one of the finest improvements ever made in Parkdale. It is proposed to crib the front from Dufferin street to the water front, a distance of 7,000 feet. The drive and boulevard is to be 75 feet wide, nicely planted with trees, and will doubtless be used as a park by residents of the flowery suburb. This could be made a portion of the city drive which is now being talked of, and would be the most beautiful portion of it. I know of no city on the continent which has such a magnificent lake front as Toronto, but it seems to be but little valued. I think the south portion of Parkdale would be much benefitted by this scheme. The cost, which is comparatively small—some $34,000—should be proportioned, possibly, over the whole city.

* * *

I believe there is nothing in the world more relentless than a woman's parasol. Writes Dalziel. It will toss itself across the owner's shoulder, and hold its defiant and unflinching way utterly regardless of the hats it knocks awry, and the eyeballs it nearly gouges out. The matter of course air, with which its owner subsequently drops her untoyed strength into the car seat relinquished by some jaded wretch on his way home from labor, and the jaunty selfishness exhibited when her hat at theater in the evening shuts out the stage from view, are nothing as compared with the parasol's indifference of everybody and everything. It is a maddening feature of city life, and were it not that it is feminine all through, it would have been stamped upon and ground to powder long ere this.

Toronto's Mud.

Toronto's supremacy in the matter of mud will never be gainsaid. At only two seasons of the year is it out of work—when the weather is bitterly cold or when there's a drouth, and if the latter order prevails there is so much dust in the air that one is almost stifled with it, and life becomes little short of unbearable. This, however, might be remedied by the introduction of a better system of street-watering in the summer.

But there is no remedy for the mud. It will last as long as Toronto lasts and possibly longer. It is mud that passeth all understanding, and the most arduous efforts are necessary to clean boots and clothing after a tramp on a wet day. Next to Winnipeg, Toronto is probably the muddiest city in Canada, and the estimable gentlemen of erstwhile, who called the settlement Muddy Little York, knew whereof they spoke.

In days gone by it was the fashion to wear pattens, and there is no apparent reason, except their clumsy appearance, why they should not be introduced now. Pattens are wooden arrangements an inch or two in height, which are strapped to the bottoms of boots and raise the wearer above the mud. By all means let us have pattens.

Pattens may be clumsy and ugly, but they will save hours of arduous work, much muscle, and the emphatic expression of various things 'twere better to leave unsaid.

At the Theaters.

The Grand Opera House programme is responsible for the statement that Annie Lewis (Mrs. W. F. Johnson) is the author of "the great melodrama" in five acts, On the Frontier. I do not know Annie Lewis (Mrs. W. F. Johnson), but I would like to meet the lady. I would like to meet her on a dark night with an axe, and after the meeting one of us would be gathered up in hacked and lacerated sections, and carted off to occupy a stone slab in the morgue. I do not say there have not been worse "great melodramas in five acts written than On the Frontier, but I am glad to admit that I have never seen anything that draweth nigh unto it. It is the quintessence of all that is stupid, turgid and silly. It is rot of the worst kind. I can give Annie Lewis (Mrs. W. F. Johnson) a valuable pointer here and now—as a playwright she is not a success, but as a rusher-in where angels fear to tread, she is far from a failure.

*

The company that presented this delectable literary monstrosity at the Grand, to empty benches, the first three nights of the week is, precisely the sort of company one might expect to see, presenting this "great melodrama," in the second or third-rate variety halls in New York, and I am haunted by a suspicion that we might not be able to match it even there. If you can imagine anyone in possession of his ordinary senses delivering himself of this:

Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some pie;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got plum-pudding,

your imagination is ahead of mine. Yet I heard an alleged Dutch comedian sing this the other night as if it were the most excruciatingly funny product of modern pen-craft. The alleged Dutch comedian is Mr. Jos. Daily, and I yearn to mix Mr. Daily up with the axe. Comparisons are odious. I think I need draw none between Mr. Daily and the rest of the company, for which the rest of the company should be thankful. The less we have of such dramas as On the Frontier, the more reason will we have for thinking that life is still worth living.

*

Poor Aimee never made a success of Mam'zelle. In its way it is a rather clever little comedy, decidedly French in flavour and suggestiveness, greatly overdrawn and exaggerated, lacking the elements of popularity, yet here and there sparkling with genuine wit. Since the death of the poor little star of opera bouffe, who made Mam'zelle familiar to us Canadians, the company has passed into the hands of Mrs. Jennie Kimball, who is chiefly known to the people of this day and generation through the purely accidental fact that she is the mother of "Little" Corinne. Mrs. Kimball, we are told, arranged and adapted Mam'zelle, but I do not notice any particular change in it, other than that in the second and third acts a good deal of variety business has been introduced, which has served to "popularize" it—Heaven save the mark! To those who like that sort of thing, the specialties introduced are decidedly the best feature of the show. The cleverest thing in the whole performance is Harry C. Clarke's imitation of Dixey, as Irving, and I am sorry Mr. Clarke does not give us more of it. His acting all through is bright and noticeable. The Primrose quartet pleases the gallery. So does M'lle Ottillie in her negro specialties, but the rest of her work is not at all good.

*

In the dual role that Aimee played, Kate Foleys hows advantageously. She has not that exquisite grace, vivacity and *abandon* which characterized Aimee, and which is best described by the French word *chic*, but her dialect is good, and her acting easy and natural. I notice in the cast two familiar faces—John Marble as Tarleton Tupper and Clement St. Martin as Francois, both of whom were with Aimee when she was last here, in the same parts. Mr. Marble is a clever comedian. He is painstaking and conscientious. The whole company, however, seems affected by a nervous desire to make odd gestures and pose in acute angularity. This is particularly so with Mr. Eytinge, who shows his grace and ease on the stage by standing with outstretched legs, bent back so that the gentleman appears to have reversible knees. I am bound to say that Mr. Eytinge only does this when he desires to impress the audience in a general way with his *bon-homie*. I do not think Mam'zelle will be much more successful now than it was before. It is not a performance cultured people will ever care for, and whatever measure of success it meets with will be with the gods, and that mainly on account of its specialties.

*

Veiled under the name of "G. Morton Price," in On the Frontier, at the Grand this week, I recognized a New York society man, and one well-known in amateur theatrical circles, Mr. George Morton, son of the late General Morton, and nephew of the learned President Morton, of the Sturn's Institute of Technology. Mr. Morton, with a tall graceful figure, has only been upon the stage for his second season, having previously appeared here in the exacting character of the Spider, in the Silver King, with Chas. A. Haswin, who disguised himself from the Norwegian form of Haswinkle, into the abreviated one of Haswin, as the King. Mr. Morton has had an eventful career in his short experience. From being possessed of a large fortune, and betrothed to a daughter of one of New York's best known financial men, he has lost both, the latter by a premature death, and the former by the scriptural proverbial one of "wings." His wife, a lineal descendant of the Count de Grasse, assists him in the thankless part he plays. Mr. Morton undoubtedly possesses talent, and it is hard luck that should not favor him with some better company, and part in which to show his unquestioned talents. I may say, however, that had I not known his undoubted ability, I would never have suspected it from his work in On the Frontier.

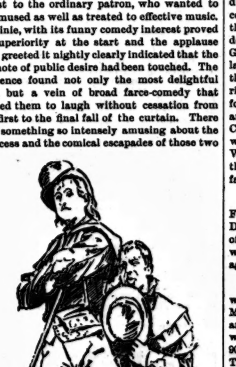
*

Wilson & Rankin's minstrels closed the week at the Grand. The company is a strong one. Many of the best known lights of burnt cork minstrelsy are with it, and the performance is clean, enjoyable, bright and as original as a minstrel show ever is now-a-days.

*

Erminie, which scored so great a hit here last year, will be at the Grand Opera House all next week, presented by the New York Casino company. Erminie, as presented by this company, furnishes a delightfully smooth, consistent and melodious performance, its charming music being delightfully rendered. Besides, all that the talent of Hoyt, the well-known scenic artist, could do for the piece has been done lavishly, and the skill of the costumer has contrived many beautiful effects among the numerous handsome dresses.

Erminie has outdistanced all its predecessors in the field of comic opera by attaining the astonishing record of 500 nights at the New York Casino—and vastly profitable nights they have been, too, for even in the hottest nights of the summer, seats were at a premium and standing room crowded. Its popularity can hardly be a source of surprise to those who have sat through its charming representation by Mr. Rudolph Aronson's splendid organization, for it seems to possess all the elements necessary to please the audience of to-day. It has been the rule that the great majority of comic operas could not boast of anything beyond pretty music and handsome dressing. Pleasing enough they were to the musical enthusiast, but they lacked something of interest to the ordinary patron, who wanted to be amused as well as treated to effective music. Erminie, with its funny comedy interest proved its superiority at the start and the applause that greeted it nightly clearly indicated that the keynote of public desire had been touched. The audience found not only the most delightful airs, but a vein of broad farce-comedy that caused them to laugh without cessation from the first to the final fall of the curtain. There was something so intensely amusing about the princess and the comical escapades of those two



happy-go-lucky thieves, Cadeaux and Ravenues, that laughter could not be restrained. It will be given here by Rudolph Aronson's superb company in all its perfection. With such a remarkable cast, the complete scenery, the brilliant costumes and the excellent surroundings, it cannot fail to arouse an interest that will result in very large business.

*

On the Rio Grande will be played at the Toronto Opera House all next week. The Cincinnati *Telegram* observes: The performance, taken both in detail and as a whole, is the most powerful and absorbing romatic play that has ever been witnessed on the stage of this house. The above is said without the least reservation or a single exception. The thread of the story is of absorbing interest, and the play is crowded with a number of thrilling scenes, situations and incidents, which follow each other in such rapid succession that the intense action almost takes one's breathaway. The scenery and costumes are appropriate and brilliant. M. J. Jordan appeared as Harold Rapley, and made a popular impression with his brilliant acting. He is one of the stars of the company. Mark Price, the author of On the Rio Grande, was seen in the impersonation of Del Paso. This gentleman has always borne the reputation of being a talented fellow, but yesterday he outshone all previous efforts as a romantic actor. Miss Clara Flagg's Dora Rapley was appreciated very much.

GOSSIP.

Wilson Barrett is to have the Globe Theater, London, after Christmas.

Mrs. James Brown Potter's business last week amounted to over $6,000.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association of Toronto cleared some $300 out of their benefit last week.

McNish, Johnson & Slavin's minstrels will dissolve partnership in June next. McNish and a man named Johnson go out together, while Slavin and the original Johnson form a second party.

Nym Crinkle says the dramatization of Haggard's She, is devoid of romance and the product of a coarse mistake—the confusing of human nature with a mob, and substituting audacity for argument.

Annie Pixley was born in California. She began as a concert singer, gravitated to the stage and made a fortune in Australia in The Grand Duchess and Girofle-Girofla. She returned to America in time to be the original Josephine in Pinafore when it was first produced in Philadelphia.

The people associated with Joseph Jefferson this season, appear to have made a corner on good luck. Geoffry Hawley, the leading juvenile, recently inherited a fortune by the death of an uncle, and it is now reported that Mr. Barron, the property man of the company, has fallen heir to $10,000 by the death of a relative in England.

Speaking of the recent production in New York of Tennyson's Elaine, the *Mirror* says: We have been treated to a poem instead of a drama. The romantic sadness of this pretty legend is heightened by such admirable stage effects that pictorial art takes the place of action acceptably. Tennyson, who never had the dramatic interest in a large—certainly never in a theatrical—sense, like a great many other poets, always desired to make a drama. But if he never was dramatic, he was always romantic. He breathes deeply in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages and seizes the spirit of chivalry like another Walter Scott. Elaine, as produced, is as perfect a renaissance of the days of knighthood as the art of an hour can accomplish. Its mellow, far away scenes moved in a twilight illusion like a dream. One has only to compare this production with that other called She, to see the difference between a Parthenon and a pyramid; between a panorama and a delicious gray picture of Corot's in which all nature is subdued to the sadness of tears and wrapped in the gentle mystery of Love.

The Officers' Mess.

The Canadian Militia though laboring under great disadvantages, and perhaps in a great many ways deficient, can be looked at with pride by the people of Canada. Many of the officers are not what they ought to be, and perhaps good officers are the exception rather than the rule, but in times of emergency the citizen soldiery have done what was required of them; and certainly Canadians should be proud of the fact that from time to time some officer receives deserved notice at the Horse Guards. Capt. Greville Harston, of the Royal Grenadiers, has laid before the War Office a plan for converting the existing Martini-Henry rifles into magazine rifles. He has been requested to go to England for the purpose of fully explaining his methods and has, I believe, started on his journey. Capt. Harston is well known to those who were in the Northwest and his song, My Old Wife is a Good Old Creature, is as familiar to the officers of the Northwest field force as the famous song of General Middleton.

*

Capt. W. S. Hodgins, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, Ottawa, has been appointed A. D. C., to Sir Alexander Campbell, Lt.-Governor of Ontario. The officers of the Queen's Own will be glad to see their old comrade in Toronto again.

*

The annual dinner of A Co. Royal Grenadiers, was a great success. Lt.-Col. Otter, D. A. G., Major Harrison, Captains Manley, Trotter, Lee and Boomer were present, and capital songs were given by Capt. Manley, Corp. Grant of the 90th, Winnipeg, Drum-major Tilley and Capt. Trotter.

*

There are very few brass bands in a military parade that can play as many airs the drum-major put on. This does not apply to Toronto.

*

Lt.-Col. Otter was one of the founders of the Toronto Lacrosse Club. At their dinner last week, when he responded to the toast of the Army, Navy and Volunteers, he received quite an ovation.

*

Lt.-Col. Gray, our new brigade major, appeared officially for the first time at the inspection of the Garrison Artillery last week. He appeared to advantage in his new uniform.

*

The inspection passed off very well. The gallant sergt.-major looked as soldierly as ever, and Capt. McMurrich perhaps more so; but there seemed to be a cloud of sadness hanging over the drill shed that evening, for the corps had been called the Disbanded. The battery is composed of a fine lot of fellows, and it is certainly a pity that the Minister of Militia should feel himself obliged to dampen their military ardour.

*

The Sergeants' Mess of the Queen's Own Rifles have arranged for several lectures to be delivered to them during the course of the winter. The first of the series was given on Monday night last by Lt.-Col. Smith, Commandant of D Company, R. S. I., the subject of the lecture being Hints as to the best Mode of Enlisting and Training a City Corps.

*

The annual dinner of the ex-members of the Q. O. R. was held last Thursday evening at Victoria hall. I will speak of this more fully next week.

SUB.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of his "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Parmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER UNWELCOME GUEST AT THE DEACON'S.

As Hiram's horse jogged along the dusty road the Deacon, too upset to speak, continued to rub the nap of his hat with his coat sleeve. The sun was beating down on the gray head, and Hiram suggested, somewhat sympathetically:

"Better put yer hat on, hadn't yeh?"

The Deacon straightened himself up, put on his hat, and, as if he had just resumed his self-possession, turned to Hiram as if to speak, but he caught a queer, quizzical expression in his son's eye, and again he seemed unable to collect his thoughts. Presently he took out his handkerchief and was heard to sob.

Out of the corner of his eye Hiram glanced at his father, and was touched with a mixed feeling of pity and disgust to see the complete collapse of the old man's dignity. The Deacon knew he had fallen in his son's estimation, and decided to work on his sympathy.

"Thet I should live—t' be (sob) struck by my own son" (sob).

"Did he hit yeh?" questioned Hiram with rising anger.

The Deacon knew Hiram had not been a witness of the scene in the house and was anxious to incense him as much as possible against his brother, but was not quite prepared to tell a direct falsehood, so he evaded the question by moaning:

"He'll bring my gray hairs teh th' grave 'ith sorrow (sob) if he doesn't mur- (sob) -der me, as he's threatened to!"

"Where did he hit yeh?" Hiram inquired, for lack of something else to say.

"He's often threatened to kill me, and I thought h'd a' did it when he made thet lunge at me!"

Hiram was not in the best of humors, and blamed Ben for having departed him of Hope Campton's company to church, and he shared to a certain extent his father's jealousy of the handsome brother who could do many things with such a high hand. He knew his father was half-shamming, but his ill-nature made him sympathize with everyone opposed to Ben.

"If I'd a' known he hit you he wouldn't have come away without hittin' him back," Hiram remarked illpantly, as he struck with his whip at the bot-flies on his horse's side.

"No, Hiram, no!" the Deacon exclaimed, putting his handkerchief in his pocket and rising up to smooth out his coat and gain time to answer. He knew Hiram was both cowardly and insincere and wouldn't think of fighting Ben. "No, Hiram, thet'd be wrong, an' two wrongs don't make a right. Don't quarrel with yer brother for my sake! I kin stand it, and it won't be for long! I feel I hain't gunto be very long for this airth!"

"Oh, yes yeh be! You're as healthy as any of us; more likely mother won't live long!"

"Thet's th' way they allus do. They think because I'm healthier lookin' than mother is, I'm stronger than her, but I haint. But I'm prepared, Hiram! I'm ready to be called. If I know my own heart, I kin say I'm ready—yes, Hiram, ANXIOUS to be took!"

If there was anything Hiram disliked it was talking religion or discussing religious topics with his father, and he hastened to change the subject.

"I hear the railway company 's goin' to put their shops at Appleburr, as it's the junction with their branch road. If they do, it'll make things lively."

"It don't make much difference t' me what happens," the Deacon answered dolefully, but unable to entirely conceal his interest in the news. "When we come to look at things in th' grave, it don't make much difference t' a Christian whether he's rich or poor. Anyhow it don't t' them as hev thankless an' godless children to send us Ben."

"Well, if it don't make any difference to you, it will to the rest of us, as it'll make the homestead worth as much per acre as the hull thing is worth now."

"Who told yeh?" How is it I never heard of it?" asked the Deacon, who noticed by Hiram's impatient tone not to rant any further.

"I only heard it last night, and you were gone to bed when I got home. The engineers are up in the tavern, and are here layin out the site for the shops."

The Deacon was silent for a time, and then turning to Hiram said, with an unpleasant smile, "Well, it won't profit Ben much, even if my land goes up to five thousand dollars an acre; I'm feared he's too wuthless to ever take hold of a cent." After a pause—"But that haint nothin' to the loss of his etairnel soul—that's what most considers me. An' his miguided mother encouragin' him in it, too."

The Deacon preached both long and loud that day. It was about the prodigal, and in a voice trembling with emotion he confessed that there was a prodigal in his family, who was so abandoned and given to wicked ways and evil companions that he had no hope of being able to save him from the wrath to come. The congregation said they had never heard Deacon Jones speak so feelingly, and he was pressed to stay to dinner by a dozen of the brethren, who inquired if he had any bad news about his son who was away. The Deacon confessed with grief-stricken countenance that his ne'er-do-well had returned home to "live on him like he used teh."

Even Hiram felt ashamed of both Ben and his father when he heard the tone in which the latter spoke of his "unpegrace," and yet he confessed a miserable pride in being better than his handsome brother.

The Deacon decided to stay with Brother Gaylor to dinner and go to the camp meeting, five miles distant, in the evening; and it was midnight before they reached home.

All day Ben had exerted himself to make his mother and sisters and brothers enjoy themselves. For fifteen years he had been a comedian, and his name was known in every hamlet where there was a theatre from New York to San Francisco, and every trick of his art he employed to amuse his audience. He sang and played on Hope Campton's piano, and told stories and joked and laughed, and for once the Jones family was thoroughly hilarious. Israel was completely won over, and told Hope, who was trying to look shocked, that "he didn't see no harm in being natchel-like, even of a Sunday."

Hulda was charmed, and Calvin repeated fifty times that that was "jist what he said." Hulda made Ben promise to spend a month at least with "her 'n Calvin," and the latter remarked that he'd "jest said them same words." Calvin was wrapped up in Hulda, and no one could convince him that he had not just made whatever remark his wife saw fit to make. She might have said, "Jeth fanthy, Calvin, your a fool!" and her spouse would say, "That's jest what I said, aint it, Hulda?"

Before Calvin and Hulda went home Ben's mother motioned him to come over to her. She wasted no time in a hymn and have prayer to close the day. She feared she had transgressed, and that they could do nothing less than have family worship to make amends. Ben chose a hymn and played the accompaniment while everyone sang, and then his mother asked Hope to read a chapter, and Calvin, much flustered to have to do it before Ben, offered up a prayer.

When Hulda, who had noticed the love between Ben and his mother, said good-by, she whispered to her mother-in-law, "Jeth fanthy me thaying what I'm going to, but I know I'm right. Calvin ith awful funny and thentimental, and I hope you'll take notice of him and kith him when you say 'good-night.'" She kissed Hulda, and was, as Calvin rushed nervously up to say good-night, his mother put her arm round his neck and kissed him. Calvin, overcome by this outburst of affection, returned the embrace, and then rushed out and got his team, murmuring to himself, "Poor old mother."

Everyone was interrupted, and mother, last of all, said "good-night" to Ben. She looked younger and lovelier than even memory painted her as she looked up at her much-loved "Bennie" and said, "Your father is surely staying away t' camp meeting and to avoid you. Be good to him to-morrow for my sake. I am so happy now that you're home that I want everyone t' be happy, too. Just think of th' thousands o' nights I've gone to bed wondering where yeh were. Never, Bennie, let my eyes close without a prayer for you an' a kiss for my baby boy. You'll always stay near me, won't you, Ben?"

"Yes, mother."

"And not drink or be wild?"

"Never again, mother."

"And yer'll be good?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try; but you'll have to overlook a good many bad attempts,

"All I want yeh to do is try, Ben."

"You can be sure, dear old mother, that I'll try."

"Good night, Bennie!" and with another kiss she left him, and Bessie helped her into bed.

At midnight the churchgoers returned. The Deacon was about to retire, and endeavored to awaken his sleeping wife to do some errand for him. She made no response and he took hold of her shoulder and shook her, saying roughly, "Marier, you sleep as sound as if nuthin' but the last trump'd wake yeh!"

Her cold hand touched him; he started, brought the lamp, and looked into her face.

There could be no mustake; nothing but the Resurrection Morn would rouse the sleeper.

The poor old mother was dead.

For a moment the Deacon stood speechless with surprise and terror. The lamp he held in his hand was slowly losing its upright position and leaning forward towards the bed. The smoking glass caught the Deacon's dilated eyes and recalled him to his senses. He ran to the stairway door and shrieked:

"Bessie, Bessie, yer maw's dead! Oh, Lord, have mercy on me, yer maw's dead!" and then he rushed back to the room where the dead lay and frantically rubbed the cold hands which had toiled for him so long and patiently.

"Marier! Marier! Answer me Marier; tell me, Marier, yeh haint dead! Bessie! Israil! Hiram! run er the Doctor fer mother! Oh, Marier! Marier! I've tried to be good teh yeh, haint I, Marier?" The last words came whiningly, and as he knelt he looked like a big, cringing dog seeking recognition from a heedless master.

"No! you haven't been good to her!" hissed Ben, as he roughly pushed his father aside and tenderly raised the lifeless head of his mother. "Poor old mother! At rest at last!" he murmured, as he gently placed the gray head on the pillow. "Don't cry, Bessie. She's better off! She's away from the abuse of that old villain, and that itself is heaven after what she's suffered!"

"Oh, Ben, don't!" sobbed Bessie.

"Say 'twas yerself killed her, and it'll be more like!" shouted the Deacon, who was wildly pacing the floor.

Ben was about to make a bitter retort when Bessie's hand touched his lips. She begged him to be silent.

"Don't quarrel over mother's death-bed, Ben. Father, please don't say another word."

Israel, Lou, and Hope were standing a tearful group around the bed. Hiram came rushing in with the doctor, and made an end of the fierce words of Ben and his father.

"She's gone beyond my help," the doctor announced at once. "I've been expecting it for years. Her heart, you know," he continued, turning to the Deacon.

"Why didn't yeh tell me she was so bad?" demanded the Deacon bitterly.

"I did!" snapped the doctor, "and more than a dozen times! If I've warned you once I've warned you twenty times that she should have no hard work or excitement, or she might go any minute. I suppose she's had some unusual excitement to-day. I hear one of your sons returned this morning after a long absence; perhaps that was a contributory cause!"

"Yes it was, doctor! There he stands, the feller that killed her!" shouted the Deacon vengefully, pointing to Ben. "Him as killed his own mother by his awful doin's!"

Ben's face paled as his father's accusing finger pointed him out; but his somber eyes under the great black arches blazed with fury. In a moment no word was spoken; Ben's eyes subdued his father, and the old man's hand with its outstretched finger dropped to his side.

"Doctor!" he said, "if I killed her it was with joy over my return. Father, take another look at your work and go to bed. Bessie and I will watch till morning."

The Deacon looked from Ben to the doctor and was about to speak, when the latter remarked, in a severe whisper, audible alone to Ben and his father:

"Good-night, Deacon, you should be the last man to act as accuser and the first to seek forgiveness. Your wife has worked and worried herself to death, and you certainly are not blameless."

"Good-night, Miss Louie; good-night, Miss Campton; good-night, Miss Bessie," and the doctor, with an elaborate bow to each, and flashing a look of intelligence at Ben, withdrew.

"Go to bed Louie, Miss Campton, Israel, Hiram, all of you; Bess and I will be watchers to-night." Ben spoke authoritively, and they all retired, the Deacon last, and only after he had taken a weeping look at his dead wife. Ben watched him with scornful gaze and closed the door after him with the exclamation, "The hypocrite!"

Ben and Bessie, while they watched over the dead, talked long and earnestly, pausing sometimes to listen to the commotion caused by the ostentatious moanings, wailings and ejaculations of the Deacon who, in mingled remorse and selfish suffering, was rolling about in the parlor and proclaiming his grief to the household.

When the gray dawn broke, Ben and Bessie hand-in-hand stood gazing into the dead face of "Mother."

"I'm glad she's dead, Bessie; she never knew what rest or peace was till last night. Now she's happy, and we should be."

Bessie pressed his hand in tearful silence, and Hope and Israel took their places as watchers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FUNERAL.

This is not a history; it is a tale, and if it were not necessary to a proper understanding of the Deacon's character and of the circumstances and people that surrounded him and the other personages of the story, the gloomy details of the funeral would be passed over. But everyone has not attended a country funeral, and it is at the weddings, burynigs and wakes that the characters and customs of peoples have to be studied. And it is there you can learn how coarse and unlovely are the conventionalities which prevail where leisure has not yet been found for culture and refinement.

After the two days of sorrowing and dressmaking, which follow every respectable death in rural homes comes the funeral. From the moment a death is announced the neighbors take charge of the house of mourning—the immediate relatives being expected to abandon all their usual work and do nothing but sit around and mope. They do the housework and make the black robes and trim the crape-covered hats and bonnets. There are no dressmakers to whom they can go who could furnish the manufactured mourning on sufficiently short notice, and even if it were possible the rural idea of co-operation is too strong, and crape has not been in barn raisings, wood-bees, applebarings and buryings. Excepting the necessary outward appearance of mournings, all these mutual assistance affairs are conducted under the same roystering spirit, and each has its standing jokes, warnings, legends and traditions. At the paring-bee the lad who chances to win a prize can kiss the girl next to him, and at the funeral-dress-making party anyone who tries on any of the mourning is expected to meet with a bereavement inside of a year which will compel her to wear crape for a twelvemonth.

But not tradition was stronger around Appleburr than that Uncle Abe Gaylor must conduct "the arrangements" at a successful and aristocratic burying. Abe was proud of his distinction this gave him, but he never confessed that the continual calls to funerals were not a terrible burden. He often refused to be delegated to go and get after him and the loan of his three-seated democrat-wagon to draw the bearers, but always before the delegates went away he would yield a reluctant consent, for Gaylor was no common man. For thirty-five years he had been a conspicuous figure in Appleburr, and he directed the funeral ceremonies that took place in the grave yard "jine-ing the red meetin'-house on the town-line." It was whispered that in youth he had been very wild and very poor and then there came a report that his reformation had never been as complete as his saintly wife might have desired. Tall and erect, gray-haired, clean-shaven, with bright, twinkling eyes and broad, manly chest, he was wholesome and happy to look at, and everybody got to calling him "Uncle Abe."

Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock it had been announced that "the friends would meet at the house," and at that hour the lane and yard were filled with vehicles, and the stoop and kitchen, bedrooms and parlor of Deacon Jones' house were crowded with neighbors anxious to do honor to the dead. The mourning had all been made and fitted, the corpse "laid out" in the coffin, and the good matrons of Appleburr, who had invited one another "to come in an' take hold," conceded to themselves that things had been done "nigh about right."

The half-suppressed clatter of many tongues, the an-undertone discussion of this and that piece of mourning, the frequent repetitions of the exact details of the death and the hundred reminiscences of the last words and lineaments of deceased had been floating to Ben's ears for two weary days, but he could not tear himself away from the house. His head ached as he heard the monotonous iteration of "her very last words," as mumbled by an old busybody who had invented a tragic leave-taking in order to appear well posted in the Jones' affair. On this burial day he stood with brows afrown behind the kitchen stove, watching the coming of the "neighbors and friends." A stout woman, whose name Ben did not know, had established herself as usher and lady-in-waiting and found herself called upon to act as what would be called at a panorama "the delineator." She described everything to everybody in a sepulchral, wheezy whisper:

"Yes, she's gone, poor thing (wheeze); all fer the best (wheeze). I bin expectin' of it (wheeze) fer months n' months (wheeze). Yes, I was her heart, poor thing (wheeze). She called Mrs. Simmers went jist a' same way (wheeze). Poor thing—but its not like a' leavin' a young family (wheeze) like Mrs. Winter, poor thing (wheeze). The Deacon takes on ter'ble (wheeze), but he's a done ev'ry thing he could (wheeze)—an' the most expensive coffin (wheeze)—yes, a kit they calls it (wheeze), but I s'pose it don't make no diff'rence t' her (wheeze). How's Mary's baby gettin' on (wheeze)? Yes, she died fearful-like (wheeze); the Deacon found her in stock-stiff when he got home from meetin', poor thing (wheeze). I saw your folks there—teh th' meetin' (wheeze). I heerd th' Deacon say a ter'ble screetch when he found her stark'n stiff (wheeze). There's Mitchell's folks comin' in over ther' (wheeze). They'll want t' hear 'bout how she wuz took (wheeze), so good-by—there's cake 'n tea in t' pantry if yeh haint bed dinner. (To Mitchell's folks)—Yes, she's gone, poor thing (wheeze). All fer the best (wheeze). I've bin expectin' it fer months," etc., etc.

After this the fat woman took her friends into the pantry to partake of the mourners' free lunch, and her voice grew more than ever indistinct as her doleful words became mixed with tea and cake as well as wheeze.

Ben was almost driven into a rage by a neverending series of such conversations, and was inwardly praying for the preacher to arrive and begin the service, when his father moved through the crowd in his big kitchen solemnly shaking hands with everyone and wiping his eyes whenever some sympathetic woman pressed his hand and tried to murmur a word of comfort. When he reached the stout woman who was again acting as guide and delineator he shook her hand (for the tenth time that day), and quite broke down as he spoke to the Mitchells and Dovers and a number of other prominent people who were inquiring the facts from the fat lady with the recurrent wheeze.

"Yes, she's gone, poor thing (wheeze). All fer the best (wheeze). You've done all yeh could fer t' show the last rites of respect (wheeze). I'm sure no one kin say yeh haint (wheeze). What 'ith mournin' fer the gur-r-l-s (wheeze), and sich a han'some caskit (wheeze), ther' haint many sich husbands an' perviders (wheeze) and few sich caskits (wheeze)."

"I've tried to do my dooty by poor Marier—livin' an' dead!" the Deacon began in a broken and uncertain voice, which in Ben's ears sounded like the mouthings of a hypocrite. "I haint nuthin' to live fer now, Mrs. Dover, septin my children."

"But it aint as if yeh had anything to be regretful of, is it, Deacon?" inquired Mrs. Dover, so smoothly and sweetly that the Deacon did not detect the covert sarcasm.

"No, Mrs. Dover, ther' haint nuthin'. I allus was true to her 'n word 'n deed, as I s'ed t' Hiram when we wuz up town buyin' out a coffin, I didn't want t' stand on th' expense, an' fer him to pick an' choose from the best, jist' long as it didn't make no talk 'bout us bein' proud or stravagant, an' he picked thet caskit an' sed we might jest as well hev a caskit an' hev suthin' new, seein's th' price wa'n't no expensiver than walnut. T'wan't only forty-six dollars, an' the name-plate throw'd in, and walnut was forty-five. So you see kin say I was extravagant. But then it don't make no difference, no how!"

Ben's ears tingled. He had believed that he knew his father's littleness of soul to the very core, and yet here was a fresh revelation and a new shame. If the Deacon could have seen the look Ben gave him he would never again have bragged in his broken-hearted tone of the costliness of his wife's coffin. Ben's face was livid with fury, and the impulse moved him to step forward and pay his father for the coffin if he would only shut up his ill-conceived boasting.

"It's higher priced and, to my way a' thinkin', nicer lookin' than Squire Birch's coffin was, an' him wuth a hundred thousand dollars. But it don't matter to the dead like enuff," and the Deacon sighed.

At that moment a very young preacher began to read a hymn and soon the assemblage commenced to drone through a dismal tune which, if sung at a death-bed, would certainly make life less worth living and death a happy escape. When the preacher read a chapter Uncle Abe's tall figure was noticed here and there as he quietly arranged the bearers and saw that black bands were pinned on their hats and across their shoulders.

Uncle Abe could be heard advising his assistants: "You 'n Levi walk together—yer nigh of a height—stand at th' little end. Th' others, see that you take the lead. Jim, you 'n Hank go next, and yeh two fellers last. I'll tell ye when t' start and don't go afore I say, no' try t' git smart and bungle things by attemptin' to run it yerselves, like they did to Squire Birch's buryin'. I'll tell yeh what t' do, an' mind yeh walk slow!"

These whispered instructions ended with the reading, and after prayer Uncle Abe spoke aloud and authoritively:

"Come now, move out'n the house an' gin the bearers room t' git out 'ith the corpse. Yeh'll hev a chance to review the remains agin at th' meetin'-house." Again, in a lower tone—"Git on the other side, Levi; don't yeh see th' way yer sash hangs. Take holt an' move on now, steady-like, an' mind yeh don't stumble gittin' out the door."

There was no hearse; it wasn't the custom to have one, and besides there was no nearer one than the county town. An open spring wagon answered instead, and thus it was, in the absence of a professional undertaker, that Uncle Abe was in so much demand as director of funerals. Ben saw the bearers put the casket in the wagon with a shudder born of seeing better things. Not no one could have been gentler than those who had lifted the garish coffin into the vehicle, nor more careful than was the driver, who cautiously picked his way over the six miles of road which led to "the red meetin'-house on the town-line." The long procession moved at snail's pace; anything faster than the lowest possible walk was esteemed a disrespect to the dead, even on the most bitterly cold days in winter when the road was as smooth as glass. It took nearly two weary, dusty hours to reach the burial place, and then the coffin was carried into the church and placed on two chairs immediately beneath the pulpit. And while the church was filling Uncle Abe stood in front guarding the seats reserved for relatives, and every now and then urging the people not to crowd the mourners—who, by the way, were expected to remain seated all through the service, never moving, while the others stood up in singing or prayer. Singing, reading, prayer, and singing again preceded the preaching, which lasted nearly an hour. As is usual, much reference was made to the virtues of the departed, and according to custom, the very young preacher concluded by addressing the mourners. These remarks, though generally known as "speaking comfort to the mourners," were simply a deliberate attempt to harrow up the feelings of the friends, and succeeded enough as Hope Campton, Louie, and Bessie sobbed aloud and the Deacon burst forth in loud wailings. Israel and Hiram buried their faces in their handkerchiefs and seemed to desire it to be understood that they were weeping. Calvin sat, looking dazed and tearful, at the showy coffin. Hulda's face was red and swollen with much crying, but she affected nothing. Ben's face was a study—his brow afrown, the heavy, black eyebrows almost meeting, so deep were the furrows, between which ran knotted muscles like heavy cords. His eyes, fierce and tearless, as he almost glared at the young preacher while he dilated upon the goodness and pious grace, of which everyone in the room knew a hundred-fold more than the presumptuous and tiresome speaker. Ben trembled, and now and again he felt as if his dizzy brain were whirling around and around, and often came the impulse to rise up. At last, as he felt he must speak to some one or die, he stood aloud so emphatically that his nerves, a little hand was placed on his and Bessie looked up at him, her brown eyes with their deep shadows about them and the tear drops on the long lashes so full of tenderness and loving pity, that peace came to him as if a divine hand had touched him in passing.

Uncle Abe was unscrewing the lid of the coffin and talking at the same time, when Bessie took her hand away and Ben looked up.

"Now ye can take a last look, if ye kin, fer the re—mains kin come forra'd—them sittin' on the east side first, an' passin' out the west door, an' then the rest, an' last of all yeh passin' out t' onct so 's t' give th' mourners a chance t' take a last look Yeh kin stand yer ground, if ye like, Ben."

With this lack hint that haste was advisable, Uncle Abe stood aside, screw-driver in hand, quizzically watching each face as it bent over the dead in curiosity or in grief. And now all the strangers had passed the family assembled around the poor old mother to say good-by to her dead, as they had lived and watched and wept over them so often. Bessie and Louie kissed the cold lips in a passion of grief, and then Israel and Hiram led them away. The Deacon stood on one side of the coffin and Ben on the other, and as the old man raised his eyes from the face of his dead wife to that of his eldest son, remorse came like a flood with the memory of those days when she, with Bennie in her lap, and he, young, dreaming hopeful dreams and loving them both, had been happy. He wept bitter, bitter tears as he bent down to kiss the face that had never been turned against him in anger. Ben still stood and gazed at his mother, his lips drawn over his set teeth, his dilated eyes fixed on the face as if he would engrave forever on his memory those features with their angel smile. Uncle Abe silently twitched his elbow, and Ben leaned over and kissed the dead lips and the folded hands. He saw the toil stains on those scarred and bent fingers, and as he staggered away it seemed to him that God had inflicted as his punishment that he should never forget those bruised hands whose toil he had done so little to lessen.

(To be Continued.)

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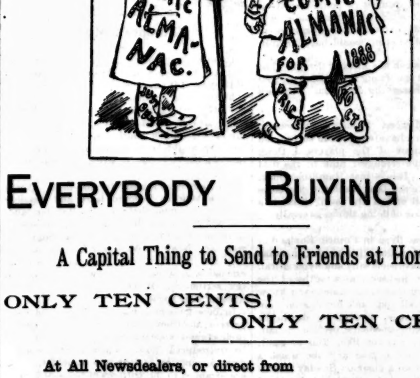

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CHAPTER II.

"So the great folk be coming to Castle again next week," said old Gilbert Yorke to his son one morning early in August.

George started and turned round quickly, looking as agitated and taken aback that even old Gilbert, whose powers of observation were blunted by old age now, could not but notice his trouble.

"What makes ye look so skeart-like, boy?" he said, shading his eyes from the sun with his thin, shriveled hand. "Have ye been thinking the earl would leave his moors and coppices free for ye and t'other young fellows to make free with this year? No, no! not he!"

"Who told you they were coming, father?" asked George.

"Why, t' head keeper there. He was down this way an hour ago, while you were over at the croft, boy," replied old Gilbert.

"And who is coming—did he say, father?" asked George, breathlessly.

"Who? Why, all, as far as I could gather; the whole boiling of them, my boy." And the old man laughed. "My lord and his sister and Lady Adelaide, and a score of men and maids; and there's a party of visitors to follow, and there'll be grand doings. Lady Adelaide's a London beauty now, and has scores and scores of fine gentlemen after her. She'll make a great match—at least, so keeper's sweetheart, Lady Adelaide's maid, tells him."

"She—a great match! What do you mean, father?" faltered George.

"Why, it's but natural, Georgie. She'll marry a lord, like her father, for sure. What makes you look so queer? I've not said anything foolish, have I? My poor head's not so strong as it was ten years ago—I'm aware of that," said Gilbert, doubtfully, and looking inquiringly into George's face. "It may be all Sarah's talk, too, you know. Serving maids be always long-tongued."

"Yes," answered George, recovering himself with a sigh of relief, "it may be gossip, father, but, as you say, every one will expect Lady Adelaide to make a fine match—but she'll marry for love, father—not for money—and astonish them all, you'll see."

"Ay, ay! why shouldn't she love him—a duke and a handsome young gentleman, too?" said Gilbert, with a feeble laugh.

"Who are you talking of, father?" asked George, his heart almost ceasing to beat and a cold perspiration breaking out on his brow.

"Why, the Duke, who, Sarah says, is making love to her young lady. I can't remember his name now, Georgie; but it don't matter," said the old man, sinking into his armchair, as if tired of talking.

George looked at him with cold eyes and a hard-set mouth.

"No; it don't matter," he said, and sauntered out into the garden again, apparently calm enough, but feeling dazed and bewildered, and with a dull presentiment of trouble at his heart.

Why had Adelaide never mentioned the duke! Why had she not written to tell him the day for their return was fixed? It was a long time since he had a letter from Adelaide at all—three weeks—and the last note had been a short one. Was she beginning to forget him? Was she repenting of the step she had taken a year ago?

Yes, it was almost a year ago. In few weeks the anniversary of their wedding-day would come around, and Adelaide seemed further removed from him than ever.

He groaned aloud as he walked aimlessly along across the moor and into the pine-wood beyond, and there, throwing himself down on the dry brown carpet of fallen fir spikes, he covered his face with his hands in an agony of fear, grief and jealousy.

"They've been too much for her," he thought. "That clever woman, her aunt, and her father, have made her forget me—have done all they can to turn her heart from me. But she is mine—mine—not theirs! And by heaven! if I find she is in danger—if I find they are robbing me of her heart—I will go to the Castle and claim her, take her away from their very midst. I can do it. I have the power and the right! No man, not the earl himself, can take her from me."

A triumphant laugh that rang through the wood, broke from George. The sound half startled him; he got up and looked carefully around, but no one was near. The great wood was seldom visited by any one, and he was alone. Then he drew from an artfully-contrived secret pocket, a tiny letter-case, opened it and took from it a paper which he read over eagerly.

It was a copy of the certificate of his marriage.

"They cannot gainsay that," he muttered, as he put it away again. "But what is the use of her being bound to me if she does not love me?"

He sat thinking of Adelaide for a long time; and as he thought, his better nature regained the ascendancy. Why should he doubt her? It was cruel and unjust. People would talk; man would—all unknowing that she was his wife—pay her attention. But what proof had he that she accepted these attentions willingly, or had ceased to care for him? No doubt Adelaide had a difficult time of it, poor dear, and perhaps longed as much as he did for the day to arrive when she would be of age.

And, to tell the truth, Adelaide had had far from a comfortable time of it of late with her father and aunt. When the earl saw that the Duke of Almadale was paying her serious attention he thought it his duty to say a few words on the subject to her.

"Is Almadale coming to dinner to-night, Adelaide?" he asked one morning at breakfast.

"I don't know—I believe so; Aunt Cicely arranges all that," she answered, carelessly.

"Hum! I've a word to say to you, Adelaide, about the duke. He is evidently in love with you. Remember he is the best match in England; and if he proposes to you it will be an honor."

"Which, unless I like him a good deal better than I do now, I shall decline," replied Adelaide coldly.

The earl started up, red with anger.

"By Heaven! Adelaide, you are enough to provoke a saint!" he cried, bringing down his fist with a thump on the table that made Lady St. Quentin, who had just entered, start nervously. "Not like the Duke! Refuse him! What do you mean? You seemed to like him well enough yesterday at the St. Cyrils."

Adelaide blushed, half with anger, half with shame. Lady Roche had been at the St. Cyril's. Her vanity would not allow her to repulse the duke and send him back to Elita's side. She had treated him far more kindly than usual, and he had been so pleasant that for the first time she felt interested in him, and allowed to hearsay that "she might really be happy with him if—if—" But in spite of that terrible "if" she kept him by her side all the evening, and Lady Roche had been obliged to leave without having exchanged half a dozen words with him.

"I'm sure Adelaide," put in Lady St. Quentin, "that you found the duke very pleasant the other evening."

"Perhaps; but one doesn't marry a man because he is pleasant," she replied.

"But the duke is much more than pleasant," went on Aunt Cicely.

"Perhaps. I haven't found it out," she answered sullenly.

"Now, I tell you what it is, Adelaide," said the earl, in a voice that made Lady St. Quentin shiver and Adelaide's blood run cold. "I cannot stand any more nonsense from you. This is my ultimatum: if the duke proposes to you, and you refuse him, I shall take a chateau in Germany, and there you will have to remain for the rest of your days, very likely."

"And why shouldn't I go back to Tardyly?" cried Adelaide, her voice trembling.

"Because I don't choose!" shouted the earl.

"You would be glad enough to resume your old hoydenish, harum-scarum life there, I dare say, hunting with the farmers and squires, and associating with men like Mansel and Yorke—men that you ought not to know, even. But I'll not have it. "Now, remember, Adelaide" —and the earl grew quite calm—"I mean what I say; so don't be obstinate and go counter to your own interests in this matter."

Adelaide was white and trembling with mingled fear and anger; her father's allusion to George Yorke had struck home. In one moment the difference between herself and George—the difference between George and the duke—presented itself before her in all its reality.

What should she do when it came to the point, and Almadale asked her to be his wife? Should she tell him the truth and beg him to keep her secret?

It might have been the best plan, for Almadale possessed a generous heart; but Adelaide felt she would not have the courage to make such a confession.

For the first time, she felt she would be degraded in her own eyes, as well as in others, by acknowledging herself to be the wife of George Yorke, old Farmer Yorke's son.

Then came bitter regrets. She seemed to see the duke with changed eyes. If she had only been her own mistress, how gladly would she have accepted him!

He was handsome—handsomer than George—refined and cultivated, whilst George was badly educated and rough-mannered; rich and noble, whilst George was poor and low-born.

How foolish she had been! How she had ruined her life! And it was all her father's fault. Why had he neglected her so?

However, it was too late to alter matters, her fate was fixed. Whatever came of it, she was George Yorke's wife now.

"Adelaide is not looking well," said Lady St. Quentin, anxiously, to her brother, a fortnight later.

The earl smiled.

"Ah! I understand. Almadale hasn't proposed yet, and you think she is getting anxious?"

The earl nodded.

"At last I believe Adelaide has met her master," he said. "I saw her blush and positively tremble when he spoke to her the other day. He'll propose soon, Cicely—in fact, I may tell you, he has spoken to me already on the subject."

Lady St. Quentin clasped her hands joyfully.

"I told you she could make the best match in London, Hetherington; but will she—will she—"

"Will she accept him? Of course she will," he replied, coolly.

That afternoon the duke called. Aunt Cicely's neuralgia was conveniently troublesome, and as good luck would have it, no other visitors arrived, so the two young people were left together.

"You look tired, Lady Adelaide," said Almadale, gently, observing how pale the girl's face was, and how nervous and anxious she seemed.

"I don't think London agrees with me as well as the country," replied Adelaide, wishing that someone would come in and break up the tete-a-tete between them.

"Ah! you would like Almadale—my place in the north," he said. "Some day, Lady Adelaide, I hope it may be my happy fate to show it to you."

And he entered into a long description of Almadale Park and its surroundings, and Adelaide could not help thinking of the Manor Farm, her future home, as she talked.

"It must be lovely—beautiful!" she sighed. "I always thought Yardly the prettiest place in the world except Stiermont; but Almadale must be more lovely still."

"Stiermont! I shall always like Stiermont," said the young man with a slight tremor in his voice. "It is there we first met. Ah, I shall never forget you as I first saw you, when you came into the room where—"

"Where you were whispering with Lady Roche," said Adelaide, coquettishly.

The duke blushed like a girl.

"I will not deny my past follies," he said, in a low voice. "Until I met you, Lady Adelaide, I thought Lady Roche the most beautiful woman in the world."

Adelaide blushed with pleasure. She disliked Lady Roche, and her heart swelled with triumph at the Duke's words. Her vanity was immensely gratified.

Almadale drew nearer to her.

"I wish you could believe," he went on, in the same tone, "that Lady Roche is nothing to me, Lady Adelaide. After knowing you for a day or two I had no wish to cultivate her acquaintance any more. Have I not shown you so since?"

Adelaide smiled and her dark eyes shot a dangerous glance at the young man from beneath their long lashes. Her heart beat quickly. It was pleasant to be praised and flattered by the Duke of Almadale. His next words roused her to a sense of what was coming, and made her feel the danger and helplessness of her position.

"I know you would like the park," he said. "As to me I was born there and lived there all my childhood. It is nearly perfect; there is only one thing it wants."

Adelaide was silent.

"Can't you guess what that is?" he said, gently.

She shook her head.

"How can I guess!" she faltered.

"It wants a mistress, Lady Adelaide," he answered.

"There are many ladies who would be glad to be mistress of Almadale Park," she replied, quickly.

"Perhaps; you do me too much honor, Lady Adelaide. But there is only one—one woman in the world I would willingly see in such a position," he replied.

"Lady Roche, perhaps," said Adelaide, coldly, but with an accent of pain in her voice that struck the Duke.

He started up.

"Lady Adelaide, you are cruel!" he said. "And Lady Roche is—"

"Ah, married!" she answered in a strange voice. "I had forgotten that."

"It is not Lady Roche, I would care to see Duchess of Almadale, even if she were unmarried," he answered. "Will you never forget my foolish infatuation in that quarter, Lady Adelaide?"

"It was foolish of me," began Adelaide, blushing.

"Ah, Lady Adelaide!" continued the young man, growing more earnest and animated, "the lady I would wish to see my wife is far, far different from Elita Roche—far, far above her in everything."

Adelaide's bosom heaved, and her little foot beat impatiently on the floor. Oh, why would not Aunt Cicely come?

"It is you, Lady Adelaide," he said, gently; "you. Will you accept my hand—will you be my wife!"

He took her hand in his as he spoke; his touch startled her; she withdrew it hurriedly and, turning away burst into tears.

"Lady Adelaide," he said, in a raised voice, as she buried her face in the sofa cushion, "what have I done? Have I offended you? Cannot you accept my offer?"

There was no reply. The duke continued, "Have I startled you? Didn't you see that I loved you? I have never loved really before, Adelaide. Do not repel me, for I swear never a woman shall have a more devoted husband than I will be to you."

Still there was no response, Adelaide continued to sob bitterly.

"Nay, do not cry; it makes me miserable," he said, really moved, and not a little puzzled at her behavior. "There!—perhaps I have been too sudden; take a little time to think of it, and then, oh, be kind, be merciful, and tell me at least that I may hope!"

Adelaide's tears ceased, and her spirits began to revive as she listened to the Duke's words. He would give her time—she would not be called upon to give a decided answer on the spot.

"You are very good—very kind," she whispered.

"Then you do not refuse me?" he said eagerly, seizing her hand, which this time she left in his.

"No, no; but you said—you promised to give me time," she murmured.

"And I will—I will," he answered. "You shall not answer me now; you shall have ample time for consideration, and if you cannot love me Adelaide, I will go and make no complaint. It shall be a secret between us if you wish."

Adelaide was delighted. She raised her face from the sofa cushion, put back her disordered hair, and a smile parted her rosy lips.

"How kind you are!" she said again, looking at the young man with such gratitude in her eyes, that he could not doubt but that she really felt as she spoke.

He longed to take her in his arms then and there, but he dared not; he pressed the little hand to his lips, and though Adelaide tried to withdraw it, held it fast, and then she allowed it to lie quietly in his.

"You will not keep me long in suspense, will you?" he said, pleadingly. "Oh, Adelaide, you don't know what I shall suffer till I get your answer!"

"We go to Yardly next week," she replied.

"After we get there I—"

"Your father has asked me to Yardly for the shooting next month," he broke in, excitedly. "Oh, Adelaide, let me know my fate before then."

"When—when you come down," she faltered, hardly knowing what she said.

"Not till then—a month nearly?" he said, in a disappointed tone. "Adelaide, do you think, then—is it because—because you cannot love me, you hesitate? If so, for pity's sake tell me so at once; the terror of my life has been to wed a loveless wife."

The blood rose in a crimson flush to Adelaide's face; she trembled in every limb. "That is not my reason," she whispered; adding bitterly, as it seemed to him, "It would not be difficult to love you."

"Then why hesitate? Give me my answer now, Adelaide. Adelaide, you have given it me. If you can love me, what is there to prevent your being my wife?"

And he put his arm round her.

She drew back, as if terrified.

"Remember—remember your promise," she said, warningly.

He turned away with a sigh. His wooing was a far harder task than he had anticipated.

"It's rather hard on me," he said, sadly; "but it shall be as you wish. I will try to wait, and be patient."

He held out both his hands to her. She took them mechanically, and he stooped quickly, and kissed her before she had time to avoid him.

She sank, half fainting, on the sofa.

"You are not angry?" he began, as he saw her pallor.

"No, no!" she returned. "But you must wait and be patient, as you said just now."

"Forgive me again; I forgot," he said.

And for a while they sat side by side—Adelaide shy, troubled, and silent in a degree that surprised the duke. Then he rose and bade her adieu.

"At any rate, if she marries me, I shall feel certain of her love. I like her all the better for not jumping at my offer, as many a girl would have done. How lovely she is! I never saw such eyes! I wish it were September, and she had promised to be my wife," he thought.

As to Adelaide, she sat dazed and half-stupified on the sofa, where the duke had left her, a prey to conflicting emotions—and there Lady St. Quentin found her an hour later.

"Is the duke gone?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Adelaide.

"And—and—what?" began Aunt Cicely.

Adelaide laughed harshly.

"Well, I haven't refused him yet, aunt," she said, and ran upstairs to her room.

(To be Continued.)

Where the Day Begins.

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the day dawns upon is Easter Island, about 260 miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, the 2nd of July breaks here within a few hours of the 1st having broken on the American coast to the east, and the two days run on alongside—the 2nd in Easter Island and places west, the first in all places on the American continent. We may, therefore, realize this idea—that at 7:20 o'clock any morning of our lives in Great Britain, the next day is commencing on the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence in due course it will travel around to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find they keep the day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses over from east to west this wonderful date line where the day begins, he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up with the times. This fact was curiously illustrated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain who sailed round the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line of "day's birth" in his wanderings, his calendar became, of course, a day in arrear. The sailors were completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on a Monday, they accused one another with tampering with the reckoning. It was not for some time that the true explanation was discovered.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Garments in Alexander's Time.

Writing of the wars carried on in Asia and India by Alexander the Great, almost four centuries before the birth of Christ, Quintus Curtius frequently speaks about the purple and gold garments worn by the Persians and Eastern Asiatics. Among the many thousands who came forth from Damascus to meet the Greek general, Parmenio, numbers were so clad. "They wore robes splendid with gold and purple." All over India the same fashion was followed in dress. When an Indian king, with his two sons, came to Alexander, the three were so arrayed. Princes and high nobility all over the East are called by this same author *purpurati*. Not only garments, but hangings were made of the same costly fabric. When Alexander wished to give some ambassadors a splendid reception, the golden couches upon which they lay to eat their meat were screened with cloths of gold and purple, and the Indian guests themselves were not less gorgeously clothed in their own national costume, as they come "wearing linen garments equally resplendent."

Shakespeare Not Much on Dress.

Shakespeare says scarcely anything about dress. He can tell of Ophelia's flowers but not of her finery when she was happy and splendid; of Falstaff's untidy doublet and the man in buckram who multiplied so strangely in his narrative; and that handkerchief which wrought so much injury to the lovely lady wedded to the Moor, and the rich cloak in which Perdita was wrapt and Hamlet's suit of sable—these are about all we know of.

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
At WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While hay is rather quiet:
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on the Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, STOVES, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

WALKER'S
WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES
107½ and 109 Queen St. West.

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DENTIST
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All modern improvements in filling and inserting teeth.

Roots of teeth preserved and crowned with artificial ones. This operation does away with plates in the mouth.

We are making teeth on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold and Platinum bases. Durable, life-like, and at the lowest remunerative prices.

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Any operation known to modern dentistry skilfully performed.

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G. P. SHARPE.

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OF
JAPANESE GOODS
Are just in receipt of their
Christmas
Novelties.
IT WILL PAY YOU TO
VISIT OUR STORE
BEFORE MAKING YOUR
HOLIDAY
PURCHASES.
ICHI BAN
81 Yonge Street.

CHILDREN'S
Dresses and Costumes

Children's Coats. Fancy Flannel Dresses.
Self-color Flannel Dresses. Plaid Dresses.
Boys' Kilt Suits, in Cloth, Velvet and Corduroy.
Small Boys' Suits, in Tweed and Velvet, Knee Pants.
Boys' Suits and Overcoats made to Order.
Ladies' Flannel Skirts, Scarlet and Gray.
Ladies' Dressing Sacques and Gowns.
Ladies' Print Wrappers, etc., etc.

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MANUFACTURERS,
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SCARF SALE.
50 CENT SCARFS FOR 25 CENTS.
We show the Largest and Finest Assortment of New Scarfs ever handled by one house in the city.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS IN ALL LINES
LOW PRICES.
WHEATON & CO.
17 King Street West, corner Jordan.

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
CORNER KING AND JOHN STREETS,
Is Now Open. Toronto's Great Family Resort. Strictly First-class.
Special arrangements to families for the winter months. Table unsurpassed. Special terms to Commercial Travelers.
C. L. VAN WORMER, Proprietor.

Art and Artists.

In reading a morning paper Monday I noticed a statement, contained in a telegraphed dispatch from Montreal, that the two Montreal detectives, arrested there, had evil designs on Jules Breton's famous picture, The Communicants, owned by Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, "which," said the dispatch, "is now on exhibition in Toronto." Nothing of the sort. It might have been, and would have been, were it not for the lukewarm manner in which the people of Toronto encourage art. I referred to this discouragement of native talent at some length a couple of weeks ago. This blind indifference has been the direct cause of the non-exhibition here of this fine canvas.

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The facts in the case are these. Some time ago the Ontario Society of Artists, through their secretary, Mr. Jardine, communicated with Sir Donald Smith to see what arrangements could be made for exhibiting the picture in Toronto. Sir Donald replied expressing his willingness to loan the canvas to the society, provided the society would pay the cost of transportation and insure the picture for $75,000. This, if the insurance lasted a month, would mean an outlay of some $300, and, considering the wretched manner in which the public has patronized the society's exhibitions, the society did not feel justified in making any such expenditure. As one of them remarked the other day, "Our efforts to educate the public in art have cost us enough already. If we brought that picture here it would be at a dead loss to us of, at the very least, half the money invested."

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The society has not too many resources. It receives an annual grant from the government of some $500, and what may be lumped as a like amount from its fifty more or less members, who pay an annual fee of $10 each. The rent of the society's rooms on King street west take $600 of this yearly, leaving a balance of $400 for running expenses, gas, fuel, etc., and the deficits on the annual exhibitions, which deficits are of regular occurrence, public patronage being so amazingly small, despite the fact that the society has hung some really good bits of brush work on the gallery walls.

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I hear people say: "But you forget the annual drawing at the Industrial Exhibition. See what a harvest the society reaps out of that." This is a natural comment, because most people are impregnated with the idea that the money does go to the society. But it doesn't The general understanding about this is a general misunderstanding. The money goes to the artists whose pictures are disposed of. Last fall an insufficient number of tickets were sold, but the drawing came off and the society was compelled to make good the shortage out of its somewhat limited treasury. Artists, unfortunately, are built very much as other human beings are. Despite the divine inspirations of scene and the harmonies of color which they produce, they have the same unbounded capabilities of disposing of bread, cheese and beer as those less favored mortals formed in a commoner mould, whose souls are not touched by artistic fire. To procure the bread and cheese they must sell pictures—that is, the most of them must. Some of them have means, and toy with art as a fickle pleasure. The great mass of them, however, are poor, struggling along as most of us are, God help us, and hoping for better days to come. Those better days are usually a long time coming. They fly with laggard wings. The artists could not wait for them for ever, and so, in what I might almost call sheer desperation, at the last this lottery scheme was adopted. It is very simple. The society buys the picture from the artist at a certain stipulated price and disposes of it for him. If the private demand were sufficient the scheme would never have been introduced, but the private demand is so infinitismal, as I remarked before, that this means was adopted to help along the toilers.

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Now in all this I do not desire to be misunderstood as advocating the gift distribution scheme. I am merely stating the case from the standpoint of the artists. Some of these days I am going to take up this lottery question and discuss it on what I consider its merits, and when I do that, I will print my opinion of the whole thing in the plainest and most emphatic Anglo-Saxon at my command. I will say now, however, that I really think the society, as a society has a good deal to complain of. Excellent exhibitions have been given—there was one last spring. It was opened with great *eclat*, and half fashionable Toronto thronged the rooms. It was a free day. When, however, it came to buying tickets for admission the gallery was nearly deserted. When handsome illustrated catalogues were got up they could not be sold, and finally the society had to give them away to keep faith with advertisers. How little interest is taken in art here may be seen any day at the society's rooms, where, though the doors are open to whosoever wills, free of charge, and where some really good pictures may be seen, one may wait for hours without seeing any faces but those of Secretary Jardine and his juvenile assistant.

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Individually I fancy that artists here are much the same as elsewhere. Ability will always get to the front in art or any other business or profession. While there are numerous clever and capable Canadian artists who always seem to get along, there are others of the Bohemian brotherhood who possible understand sufficient of the technique of art to make a living as house, sign and ornamental painters. And surely it is infinitely more preferable to be such an one than to struggle on in starvation and gloom.

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I have much more to say about the Ontario Society of Artists, but space is limited.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

P. S.—The Associated Artists received their friends Thursday afternoon and evening, in their rooms in the Yonge street Arcade. Of this next week. J. R.

Again P. S.—I have just heard of a novel proposal for next spring. As I understand it, a number of ladies interested in art matters intend holding an art loan exhibition in the Granite rink, making it a week in old London. Local artists will arrange and paint the interior of the rink to represent the streets or a street in old London, and the pictures will be arranged to harmonize with the surroundings, so that a very little exercising of our imaginative powers will carry us back to the days of long ago—how long I don't exactly know, but a few years one way or the other will not make much difference. This is all I have heard about it so far. I do not know whether it is intended to have this in connection with the joint exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario society, but inasmuch as their exhibition will also be held in the Granite rink next spring, I presume it is. At any rate, I hope so.

J. R.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The presence of the lady undergraduates, who now number about thirty, has lost its novelty so far that they appear to go in and out among us almost unnoticed, unless it be in the shy and furtive glances of the susceptible freshman. They have taken little or no part beyond their own circle in the questions that have been throughout the term of main interest to university men. But who knows all the secrets of this select portion of the undergraduate world? Occasionally glimpses reach us of doings that, I suppose, are expected not to go beyond the walls of their nicely-furnished room. Last year a society was formed with the orthodox title from the Greek alphabet, Kappa Chi, Tau Delta, or something of that kind. It was to be a branch of the longer-established American society, and, in order that all arrangements might be duly made, a member was invited over.

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Upon her arrival matters were conducted in a business-like way, and a secret society with quite a membership established. It is not known definitely what the constitution is, though we may presume that there will be clauses relative to the abolition of all cookbooks, the necessity of every member being able to repeat Mrs. Browning from cover to cover, to dote on Tennyson, to cultivate the art of wearing a winning smile and to be living examples of the fallacy of the popular idea that the maiden's life in college is inseparably connected with blue stockings. Perhaps these suppositions of mine are too imaginative, but the form of initiation must have been very severe to evoke from one who underwent the ordeal the reflection, "Ah! It was solemn. It gave me an idea of how one must feel just before getting married." And she sighed.

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The bedel and janitor have been together a great deal of late. It is now rumored that they are meditating plans of redress on the song book committee for certain distant allusions to themselves which appear in the new book. I am rather inclined to think that they are congratulating each other on being thus immortalized. The professors have probably as much reason for resentment, but they appear to have recognized the honor that has been done them.

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The cops would relish the verse in Kate Castleton's song, written by a local newspaper man, referring to the 'Varsity boys. I suppose the effect will be that they will now shake hands with one another, as they both appear to have their weaknesses, which, according to what the song suggests but does not say, lie in the same direction.

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The meetings of the Literary society are becoming unusually interesting. The old questions of freedom from the restraint of the college council, introduction of party politics for debate, liberty of discussion, moving down town, etc., are again being discussed with something of the old time vigor. The society seemed inclined to listen to the intimidating policy of the member who appealed to them. Would they like to have it published in the daily press that the society had adopted a resolution that virtually was a vote of censure on the president of the college? The society should never be afraid to let people know what they are doing, nor, I think, are they. Though the University is often misrepresented, still no one should expect that there will not be among us men with radical opinions, and who, like others who hold such opinions, will generally insist on having a hearing. The University is not altogether a radical hot-bed of treason, but this is the age of discussion, and, as a society, we emulate the age of Pericles in allowing all the right to express themselves, without holding over their heads the sword of public opinion.

TOGA.

Why He Drank.

"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard.

"To drown my troubles."

"And do you succeed in drowning them?"

"No, hang 'em! they can swim."—*Ex.*

Grace's Gossip.

DEAREST LIZZIE.—For the last few days I have barely existed through a wretched cold I caught in that rainy weather last week, and really I feel so poorly now that I am scarcely equal to the task of writing to you. And indeed, dear, I have literally nothing to say. I have been no place this week and have seen nobody, so that I am in the worst possible position in the world to tell you anything.

I am trying to write cheerfully, dear, but really it is hard work when one is bothered with the blues as I am. Nothing is more catching than "ye dolefulle dumpes," as Chaucer hath it; and this is one of the maladies that we need neither have nor give, if we are cheerful souls, but when one is laid up with a bad cold and is forced into the monotonous contemplation of the uninviting walls of a sick room for days at a time, it is not at all easy to keep one's spirits up. At least I know I find it so.

By the way, did I tell you last week that Evelyn and Harry have gone south for a twelve weeks' trip? Evelyn's health is so poor that Harry thought change of air necessary, and last Monday they set off. Evelyn is so pleased at getting away from the worries of servants and housekeeping for two months and a half. She says she would be one of the happiest women in Toronto were it not for servants. Mrs. Fourstars is actually giving up her lovely house and going to live in a smaller one, because, she says, she need then keep only two servants. She has had five, and declares that they worry her out of her life, and make existence a penance instead of a pleasure.

Did you see, some months ago, that a colonel's wife committed suicide because of her worries with servants! Everywhere we go we hear the same complaints of incompetence and utter want of conscience on the part of domestics. We are pretty well off with our old Sarah, who keeps the rest in order, ruling with a rod of iron; but nearly all our friends are uncomfortable, finding it impossible to obtain thoroughly good servants. What should you imagine is the reason of it?

The following is a capital recipe for cheese fritters:

Grate very finely three ounces of cheese. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth; throw the cheese into this, adding a little salt and pepper. Mix well and lightly by beating with a fork. Take up dessert-spoonfuls of the mixture and fry them in boiling lard until they become of a nice brown complexion. The fritters must be sent to table immediately they are cooked and eaten at once.

Ever your loving cousin,

GRACE.

The Household.

Any queries addressed to An Old Housekeeper, care Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, will be cheerfully responded to.

While contributing my mite, in the shape of household recipes, etc., towards the columns of this decidedly novel publication, I wish to disclaim at the outset any intention of offering my readers anything in the way of—let me say, a *re-hash*. Those of a fastidious turn of mind may pronounce it *rechauffe*, nor have I any idea of reaping the brains of other far more experienced and prolific writers on the same subject; but will give to those who care for such things nothing but original and well-tested modes, for the majority of which I am indebted to old family manuscript recipes, which, to my knowledge, have never been published. I shall endeavor to make all directions sufficiently explicit as to be readily understood by the veriest amateur in the art of cookery, differing, in this point, at least, from the majority of writers of "choice recipes," the more important details of which are often left to the imagination of their readers.

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Once upon a time—how long ago, it seems—I had an ancient relative who was justly celebrated for her skill in culinary preparations. I was an ardent admirer (*and* consumer) of her many delicious compounds, and, in my youthful aspirations, desired to follow in her footsteps. But did she meet my praiseworthy efforts half way? Not she. She never gave me a recipe in my life that I could follow. This is how it used to be, "Aunt, how do you make that pudding?" or whatever it might be. "Well, my dear, you just take so much flour and butter, etc." "But *how much?*" "Oh, about as much as you would think sufficient for a pudding of that size," and so on. When it came to a question of the length of time for cooking, the answer invariably was, "Well, my dear, just till you think it is done." This was exasperating to say the least, to one with a thirst after knowledge, and I became firmly convinced that it was what nowadays we should call "one of her fads" not to tell anybody how she did things. Looking back upon her through the haze of many years I can be more charitable, for I know *now* that she *couldn't* have given "chapter and verse" correctly, for the sole reason that she had no method. She did everything by guess work, and, being a born cook, she never made a mess of it. But it isn't given to everyone to be a born cook, and so, for the benefit of those young housekeepers who need a little help from older brains, let me begin my work by contributing towards the *menu* of one of the Sunday evening suppers they are so fond of giving.

CREAM CHICKEN.

Have two large young chickens cleaned and trussed. Steam for one hour and a half, and set aside till wanted. For the sauce, put into one quart of cream half a large Spanish onion chopped, one teaspoonful each of dried marjoram, basil thyme and savory, tied securely in a little muslin bag, half the rind of one lemon, one bunch of parsley, one fourth teaspoonful mace, ditto of white pepper; cook in a double boiler till the cream is strongly flavored; strain and stir into it two heaping tablespoonsful of fine white flour, previously mixed to a smooth cream with a little cold milk; return to the stove, and stir it continually till thick as custard; do not add salt till quite cold. At serving time add a handful of finely chopped parsley, and dip each chicken into the sauce, so that it may be thoroughly coated with it. Arrange on your dish, and pour over the remainder. Garnish with little rolls of ham, or tongue, pounded to a smooth paste and rolled into small balls, and parsley. If preferred the chickens may be carved into convenient pieces, which dip separately into the sauce, and pile high with the inferior joints at the bottom.

WINTER SALAD.

One can tomatoes, one quarter of a Spanish onion (*grated*), three heads of celery; with a silver fork pick out the solid tomato, draining as much as possible from the liquid; chop the celery extremely fine and mix all lightly together in a bowl and cover till required for use. For the dressing, beat three eggs light and add one salt-spoon of salt, ditto white pepper, one tablespoon of made mustard, a speck of cayenne and a small half-cup of malt vinegar; cook over steam till as thick as honey, stirring constantly. Pour into a bowl till ready to dress the salad, when add *gradually*, five tablespoonsful of best olive oil and a cup of thick cream; sour cream is best if not too stale. Mix a few spoonsful of this dressing with the tomato, etc.; first being careful to drain off the liquid which will have accumulated. Arrange in salad bowl, and just before serving pour over the remainder and garnish with the prettiest of the celery tops.

FRENCH POTATOES.

Choose large, smooth-skinned potatoes of equal size; bake an hour, or according to size; cut them in halves and carefully remove the mealy part; mash this well, with a cupful of chopped parsley; pepper and salt to taste and sufficient cream, or milk, and butter to make it rather moist; beat with a silver fork till light and creamy and fill the skins, putting the halves together as before. Wrap in a clean cloth, and an hour before wanted for table put them on (in the cloth) to steam. Dish in a folded napkin.

NOTES.

I buy my cream from my butter-man at 25 cents a quart—just half what is charged at a confectioner's.

If you have no home-dried herbs, buy those put up in bottles by Crosse & Blackwell, and see that they are kept tightly corked.

The best canned tomatoes I know of are those put up in Stamford, Ont., by the Brooks Canning Company. They are almost all solid tomato—very little of that watery juice so often seen.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

A Burning Shame.

...I am a... 'Henry Clay' from Havana, so they say, and I cost the man who's smoking me a quarter; and he does enjoy me so for a moment—then I glow with a fiery indignation, as I ought 'ter. For, as soon as I commence burning sweetest of incense, comes a "cabbage leaf" that from me must be lighted, and a custom strange demands that I lose in dirty hands all my pearly ash and have my flavor blighted. Then a stinking cigarette for politeness' sake I put, then a nasty pipe my spark of life dispatches, 'til disfiled and partly burned, by my wretched owner spurned, I lay sacrificed instead of handy matches.

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One Thing a Woman Can't Do

The fact is there is lacking the wrapping faculty in a woman's arm. She can by no device control this freak of nature. She may be able to tie a convention, tie a love-knot and select material for any sized bundle, but she can't tie one up. There are charming young ladies who make beautiful presents and tie them into such uncouth bundles as to make the recipient blush when he gets it. Hand-painted and altogether exquisite Christmas or birthday cards come enveloped in tattered striped paper out of a raisin or candle box. The friend of the writer is recalled who is very artistic. She likes odd things. Her kind renders come at each holiday, each birthday. The wrappings are wrinkled and worn, soft darning yarns take the place of wasted twine, and knots of considerable prominence occur in the cord where a strong one is used. In a large dry goods house the cashier, clerks, accountants and buyers are women, but it takes boys to wrap up and tie up the various articles decreed by fashion for feminine attire. This trifling incapacity in woman is a beautiful sign of the postponement, at least, of the new Utopia, and tacks a small premium on masculine gallantry and skill in small matters.—*Nashville American.*

Getting Along Very Nicely with Her Neighbors

"Is that family that has moved in next door neighborly?" asked one Sioux Falls woman of another.

"Yes, they appear to be. They've borrowed flour of me twice, tea once and sugar three times. Then they have got our coffee-mill, and one lawn, and the hatchet, and two lengths of stovepipe, and the baby carriage, and the woman empties all her slops over the fence in our back yard, and I see her coming across now to hang her clothes on our line."

"I shouldn't think you would like to have them borrow things so much and act quite so free."

"Oh, I don't worry much about it. We have got their mop, and about half of their dishes, and their rolling pin, and washing machine, and the other day I borrowed ten sticks of wood from them, and each afternoon our hired girl puts on better clothes than the woman has to her back and walks up and down on the sidewalk, and to-night I'm going to put out poison for their dog. Oh, we're getting along very nicely and think they are going to be very pleasant neighbors. This always was a splendid neighborhood—*Chicago Herald.*

T. EATON & CO.

190 YONGE STREET.

CHEAP IS THE WORD.—YES, CHEAP IS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND EFFECTIVE WORD IN BUSINESS, AND THE MERCHANT WHOSE SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES IN TRADE, BUSINESS TACT, AND MERCANTILE GENIUS ENABLES HIM TO OFFER GOODS OF EQUAL QUALITY FOR LESS MONEY THAN ANY ONE ELSE, HAS, OR SHOULD HAVE, AT LEAST THE INSIDE TRACK IN THE GREAT RACE FOR BUSINESS. NOW IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT T. EATON & CO. SELL THE BEST GOODS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICEG. BEING RENOWED THEN FOR NAMING THE VERY LOWEST PRICES IN THE MARKET FOR THE LEAST MONEY, AND ANTICIPATING THE VERY NEAR APPROACH OF THE JOYOUS HOLIDAYS AND THE PLEASANT EXPECTATIONS OF ALL IN CONNECTION THEREWITH, WE WISH YOU ONE AND ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND CORDIALLY INVITE AN INSPECTION OF OUR HOLIDAY OFFERINGS, WHICH MANY DELIGHTED VISITORS HAVE BEEN PLEASED TO SAY ARE WORTH A LONG PILGRIMAGE TO SEE.

SLIPPERS.—NOTHING SCARCELY IS MORE WELCOME FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAN A PRETTY AND COMFORTABLE PAIR OF SLIPPERS; AND WE WANT EVERY LADY WHO MAY CONTEMPLATE BUYING A PAIR, TO KNOW THAT OUR GREAT STOCK INCLUDES THE FINEST AND MOST ELEGANT SLIPPERS FOR LADIES AND YOUNG MISSES, AMONG WHICH ARE A LIBERAL QUANTITY OF THE RAREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS. GIRLS' SLIPPERS, BOYS' SLIPPERS, DAINTY AND SUBSTANTIAL BABY SHOES, EASY SHOES FOR MOTHERS AND RESTFUL FOOTGEAR FOR ELDERLY MEN AND NEVER-FORGOTTEN GRANDMA; MEN'S SHOES, WOMEN'S SHOES, GIRLS' SHOES, BOYS' SHOES, AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, IN EVERY STYLE, SHAPE AND QUALITY. A GRAND AND COLOSSAL STOCK THAT IS SECOND TO NONE IN THE CITY, AND AN ALLURINGLY HANDSOME SHOWING OF "LITTLE MEN'S" RED TOP BOOTS, THAT'LL MAKE YOUNG CANADA FEEL AS PROUD AS A PREMIER.

HANDKERCHIEFS—A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH A DAZZLING ARRAY OF THE MOST CHARMING PATTERNS OF CHEAP AND GORGEOUS STYLES. KNOWING THAT THE KERCHIEF IS A VERY POPULAR ARTICLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS, WE WERE CAREFUL AND PAINSTAKING IN OUR SELECTION, AND VISITORS WILL FIND IN OUR ENORMOUS ASSORTMENT MANY EXQUISITE PARISIAN AND OTHER REALLY SELECT DESIGNS—FANCY BORDERED AND ALL HEM-STITCHED.

HOSIERY—AN IMMENSE DISPLAY THAT'S SO REMARKABLE IN MANY RESPECTS IT'LL AMAZE YOU—PLAIN, FANCY STRIPES, PRETTY CHECKS, FINE ENGLISH-MADE, REAL FRENCH-WOVEN, BEST MERINO, STYLISH BALBRIGGAN, DAINTY SILK-EMBROIDERED—AND ON OUR COUNTERS YOU'LL FIND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HOSIERY, AND A FEW PAIRS WOULD MAKE INEXPENSIVE AND APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

NOW DURING THIS FESTIVE SEASON FRIENDS CALL UPON ONE ANOTHER MUCH OFTENER THAN AT OTHER SEASONS OF THE YEAR, AND EVERY GOOD HOUSEWIFE LIKES TO MAKE HER HOME LOOK ITS BEST. WHAT MORE BEAUTIFUL SIGHT THAN NICE LACE CURTAINS. WE HAVE THEM IN ALL THE LATEST PATTERNS, AND HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT KINDS. OUR LACE CURTAINS CORNICE POLES AND RINGS DEPARTMENT IS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF OUR HOUSE, AND OUR PRICES ARE ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

WHITE GOODS.—SUCH AS TOWELS, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TABLE COVERS, SHEETINGS, ETC. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED THEY ARE HERE AND IN THE SAME QUANTITY AND QUALITY AS ALL OTHER GOODS OF WHICH THIS HOUSE IS NOTED FOR, BE LIBERAL AS YOU CAN WITH PRESENTS BUT DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR OWN HOME COMFORTS.

DRY GOODS, ENGLISH BROADCLOTHS, TWISTS, CAMEL'S HAIR, HOMESPUNS, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, FRENCH AND AMERICAN CASHMERES, ALSO SOME BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION DRESS PATTERNS SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS; PRICES THE SAME AS EVERYTHING ELSE IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

BOXES FOR COLLARS, CUFFS, &C. A DISPLAY THAT OUTSHINES 'EM ALL. EVERY NEW CONCEIT THAT'S OUT WILL BE FOUND HERE, AND IN LARGE AND LIBERAL QUANTITY. FANCIFUL TOILET CASES AND QUAINT IDEAS FOR THOSE LOOKING AFTER "SOMETHING DIFFERENT," UNUSUAL. FINE LEATHER AND RICH PLUSH BOXES, LINED WITH SILK AND SATIN, ANY OF WHICH WOULD MAKE A USEFUL AND LASTING PRESENT. HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES; TRAVELING, CLUB AND LEATHER BAGS, SATCHELS, VALISES, TRUNKS, &C., AT PRICES MUCH BELOW REGULAR RATES.

IN THE BASEMENT WILL BE FOUND A PERFECT WONDERLAND. EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF, FROM A JUMPING JACK TO AN ELEGANT SET OF TOOLS. TOYS FOR THE BABY, TOYS FOR THE STOCKING AND PRESENTS FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS. DOLLS, DOLL HEADS, AND DOLL BODIES. CHAIRS, MECHANICAL TOYS, DRUMS, ALPHABETICAL BLOCKS, BALLS, BEARS, DOGS AND ANIMALS WITH NATURAL HAIR, BOOKS, JAPANESE GOODS, DOLL BABY CARRIAGES, TRUNKS, BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, TOOL BOXES, MONEY SAFES, SWINGS, ETC.

ANY PART OF THE STORE YOU MAY CHANCE UPON IS AGLOW WITH THE HOLIDAY BRIGHTNESS. A FULL LINE HELPS THE ANSWER, WHAT SHALL THE PRESENT BE?

T. EATON & CO.

190 to 196 Yonge St. 10 to 12½ Queen St. W.

Among the Clubs.

THE CRICKETERS' BALL.

The annual ball of the Parkdale Cricket Club was held in the Masonic hall, Parkdale, on Thursday evening last. It was one of the largest and most successful the club has yet given. The hall was handsomely decorated, and nothing was left undone to promote the comfort and enjoyment of those who attended. Among those present were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, Lt.-Col., Mrs. and the Misses Gray, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. A. and Miss Langmuir, Major and Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Chev. and Mrs. A. M. Gianelli, Dr. Carey, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Dr. and Mrs. Lynd, Major and Mrs. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Macdonell, Messrs. and the Misses Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. R. Macdonald, Lieut. Sears, Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan. On account of the great demand for SATURDAY NIGHT the last forms have to be sent to press too soon to present a more extended notice of the pleasant affair this week.

THE MERRY CANOEIST.

Although canoeing is over for the season for the majority of the members at least, some of them will take advantage of the smallest piece of open water through the winter on which they will launch their Isabel, Una, Madge, Modjeska, Werra, etc., with the island park for their destination.

When not canoeing they will be snowshoeing. The snowshoe club in connection with the canoeists was organized last winter. At a recent meeting the officers elected for the present season were: D. B. Jacques, captain; W. A. Cooke, whipper-in; A. Shaw, secretary. They will tramp twice a week, Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, going into the country fourteen or fifteen miles.

A meeting for the election of Canoe club officers was held last Wednesday evening, when these gentlemen were elected: Commodore, J. L. Kerr; vice-commodore, D. B. Jacques; rear-commodore, W. G. Mackendrick; secretary-treasurer, A. Shaw; regatta committee, D. B. Jacques, A. C. Anderson and Colin Fraser.

In the retiring secretary, Mr. Geo. Sparrow, the club lost a hard worker.

The annual meet of the northern division of the American Canoe Association will be held at Lake Couchiching, commencing July 23 and ending August 4, 1888. No more convenient or prettier place could have been chosen than Lake Couchiching, at the head of Lake Simcoe. Orillia will be the headquarters, although the camp will be on Horseshoe Island. These meets are gaining in favour year by year, especially among "our dear girls," many of whom will be seen at the meets sporting around in their own canoes with as much confidence in themselves as the oldest canoeists of the opposite sex.

Muskoka will be a dead place next season, everybody having decided to go to Lake Couchiching. Even Mr. Hugh Neilson, of our club, a Muskoka fiend, has decided in favour of it.

The Tammany Hall Boat club members will give a supper the end of this month, to which they have invited some of their old friends of the Toronto Canoe Club.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

It was not the gallant coachman this time! It was only the plain ordinary, every day "hired man" that Miss Jessie Palmer ran away with in the States the other day. The accounts of the elopement caused quite a sensation here, as the American papers stated that Miss Jessie was lately a pupil at Hellmuth Ladies' College, London. Rev. E. N. English, principal of the college, on being questioned as to the truth of the report, said he had carefully examined the college register for such a name but could not find it, nor was the lady known to any of the teachers or students.

The third of the Cinderella Club's parties was given last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. M. Heaton, when a very pleasant evening was spent. The music was by one of the local Italian bands, and conduced greatly to the pleasure of dancing. It is an unusual thing to see the men turn out so well, but on this occasion there was certainly a surplus, as many of them could not get dances.

The Opera House was closed all the week, and I hope the orchestra have made use of the time to practice a little and learn to play in time and tune. The *entr' acte* music is simply unbearable at times, and the discords are enough to not only "split the ears of the groundlings," but to set the teeth of the ordinary mortal on edge for the rest of the evening.

London is not a particularly musical place, and the opportunities to hear good music are not many. A rare treat is in store for those who attend the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Club concert on Thursday. The concert is given by the Detroit Philharmonic Club, assisted by Miss Ella Cole, of Buffalo, and Mr. John Williams. Mr. G. B. Sippi, of London, is to be the accompanist.

The Young Liberals, or the middle-aged gentlemen who constitute that club, also intend giving a performance, but they do not aim at anything classical. They are going in for "burnt cork" and that sort of thing, and intend giving a minstrel show very soon. I understand they are now at work resuscitating the fossil remains of some ancient jokes and petrified puns. Quite a revival of mediæval humor is expected on this occasion.

Mr. J. B. Kilgour has been promoted from the position of assistant accountant of the Merchants' Bank, Montreal, to that of accountant here.

Mr. Harry Gates, of the Bank of Montreal, has been away for several weeks on his vacation. Mr. Gates has been visiting in Chicago and other points in the west.

Mr. C. J. S. Lang has retired from the British Bank, and will sail for England in a few days. It is reported that Mr. Lang has had a large fortune left him by an uncle who died lately.

JIM THE FENMAN.

WOODSTOCK.

A party of twelve drove over from here to Ingersoll last Friday evening to attend the charity ball there. The drive was a most enjoyable one, as "every lassie had her laddie," no one having to sing the doleful refrain of "None they say hae I," and the air rang with songs and laughter. The ball was a great success in every way. A bountiful supper was supplied by the ladies and music furnished by the London harpers.

On Monday evening last as Mrs. Charles and Miss Minnie Hood were driving in from Innerkip, their horse became unmanageable at sight of a train and backed into a deep ditch, upsetting the carriage and depositing its fair occupants, driving box, robes, and all on the hard unsympathetic ground. By the time the ladies realized their position and found no bones broken, they scrambled to their feet and looked about for the horse, but all that was to be seen, or rather heard of him, was the "'Ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road" of his hoofs as he sped into the darkness. Gathering up the debris they proceeded to the first farm house, where they disburdened themselves of their numerous encumbrances, and wearily turned their faces homeward, a good mile's tramp, made more difficult by the state of the hard country roads and increasing darkness. This ought to be a lesson to ladies who think they can drive, not to venture near railway tracks, until they have acquired more fully the art of holding the ribbons.

The amateur company with two professionals at its head has postponed the first performance of the Bells of Corneville, owing to some of the soloists not being sufficiently up in their *roles* to appear in public. The Admirer, whose letter appeared in last week's *Sentinel-Review*, made a mistake in affirming that this opera has never been attempted by amateurs before, as it will be remembered the Harmony Club produced it a year or two ago in Toronto, and it has also been given by amateurs in Toronto.

Mr. Jack Patterson has returned from his three weeks' holiday, and everyone is glad to see his cheery face again.

Whist seems to be the rage at present. Woodstock has already two clubs that meet every week, one called the St. James club and the other, I believe, is to bear the name of St. Patrick, though why this name has been chosen I cannot say.

INGERSOLL.

There is very little stir in social circles here at present, owing, no doubt, to the near approach of the holiday season. With the exception of the annual charity ball and the first of a series of assemblies to be given by the young men, there has been nothing of note to record. There have been a few small evening parties, but everybody seems to be hanging off until after the New Year. Progressive euchre parties have been predominant, but the craze is giving its last dying kick, and will ere long be relegated to the oblivion it richly deserves.

The young men of the town propose giving a series of assemblies this winter. The first of the series was given recently, and was a decided success. There were about eighty people present, including several from Tilsonburg, Woodstock and London. The Italian harpers from London furnished the music. The arrangements were excellent, and reflected great credit on the committee men, who were Messrs. George L. McDonald, W. A. Smith, A. B. Caswell and W. L. Sutherland.

The annual charity ball was held on the 9th. It was attended by a large and select crowd, and was the best we have had for some years. There was a large number present from Woodstock and surrounding towns. Great credit is due Messrs. Dickson and Secord for their efforts to make the affair a success.

The young men propose to give their second assembly about the 15th of January. UNO.

Railroad Chatter.

The annual ball and supper of Toronto Division No. 17, Order of Railroad Conductors, will be held at Shaftesbury Hall, Monday evening, January 2.

Mr. Wm. Anthony of the C. P. R., who has been Mr. W. R. Callaway's secretary for some time past, has signed to accept a position as private secretary for Mr. George K. Allen, General N. P. A. of the Erie Railway, with headquarters at Buffalo.

Mr. W. C. Rinearson will leave for Cincinnati January 1, to be assistant G. P. A. of the N. Y. P. & O. division of the Erie Railway. Mr. Geo. E. Allen will succeed him as general northern passenger agent at Buffalo.

A new Southern Pacific coach leaves Chicago daily on the 12 o'clock noon train of the Chicago and North Western Road, and runs through to San Francisco without change. It will carry first and third class passengers. Passengers by the same route can also obtain Pullman sleeping cars between Council Bluffs, San Francisco and Los Angelos.

For students and teachers going home for Christmas vacation, the C. P. R. will issue return tickets from Toronto to local stations at a fair and a third from Dec. 15 to Dec. 31, good until Jan. 20. The public will also receive reduced rates.

Mr. C. Sheehy, Canadian Passenger Agent of the Wabash Railway, was in town this week to meet C. M. Hays, general manager, M. Knight, general freight agent, and F. Chandler, general passenger agent of the Wabash Railway, who were to pass through Toronto in a special car en route to Montreal and the east.

Officers Elected.

At a stated meeting of Canada Council, No. 612, Royal Arcanum, held in Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday evening, the following officers were elected for 1888:

J. G. Howarth, Regent.
John Firstbrook, Vice-regent.
C. P. Lennox, Orator (re-elected).
Robert Awde, Past Regent.
John J. Thompson, G.T.E., cor. King and Yonge streets, Secretary (re-elected).
E. H. Woolley, 84 York street, Collector (re-elected).
J. L. Curry, Chaplain (re-elected).
H. M. Stevenson, Guide.
L. S. Lewes, Warden.
A. Roberts, Sentry.
W. Westbroom, Pianist.
Geo. Moir, A. Ogden and S. W. Hickson, Trustees.
James Brandon, Representative to Grand Council.
Thos. Purdon, Alternate Representative.

Fidelity Tent, No. 13, Knights of the Maccabees, has elected officers for the year as follows:

Sir Knight E. H. Woolley, Past Commander.
" J. W. Hickson, Commander.
" Jno. J. Thompson, Lieut.-Commander.
" M. M. Whitecraft, Finance Keeper.
" L. S. Leves, Record Keeper.
" J. L. Curry, Prelate.
" H. M. Stevenson, Sergeant.
" S. D. Stone, First Master of Guards.
" Alf. Roberts, Second Master of Guards.
" C. Turver, Master-at-Arms.
" John Russell, Sentinel.
" Michaud, Picket.

A Coming Concert.

An evening of reading and music will be given at the College street Presbyterian church, corner College and Bathurst streets, next Tuesday evening, when Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist; Mr. Charles Kelly, basso; Mr. Herbert Clarke, cornet soloist, and others will present a programme of unusual excellence. This entertainment forms a most commendable indication of the high class of entertainment affected by the northwest part of the city. It seems to be gradually usurping the kingdom of the north as a center of culture.

He Thought One in the Family Enough.

"You love my daughter!" said the old man. "Love her!" he exclaimed passionately, "why, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below!"

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."—*Wasp.*

Those Bills

Mrs. Gayter's Footman—"Here's a card, me leddy."

Mrs. Gayter—"I'm awfully busy. Who is it at this time of day?"

Footman—"I'm not much at readin', me leddy, but I kin mek out yure nem foorst an' thin a 'Dr.,' an' pittin' th two togither Ot t'ink it's th' doctther wants to see you, me leddy."

A Take-After Family

"That boy of yours, Mr. Jones, takes after you," said a guest at Jones' dinner table.

"He is just like his mother," replied Jones.

"I can't see it that way, Mr. Jones. The boy certainly takes after you."

"That's what I said. He takes after me, and so does his mother. She took after me with the poker yesterday evening because I told her she wasn't as fresh as the hired girl. She will take after me again as soon as you are gone. We are a take-after family, we are."—*Arcola Record.*

Deficient in Etiquette.

A little Boston maiden was taken by her mother to call on a friend and shown into the nursery.

"Mamma," said the little Athenian, disdainfully, "I don't think much of that baby; do you?"

"Why, surely," replied the astonished mother; "don't you think it a pretty little thing?"

"Pretty enough; but it doesn't eat with a fork."—*Binghamton Republican.*

HARRY WEBB'S
WEEKLY
From 447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
The Largest and Best-fitted Establishment of its kind in Canada.
"There's nothing so successful as success."
To be successful every business man must be on the alert. The tightness of the money market, the close competition in all business enterprises, urges each one to get to the top, and stay there. How is this to be accomplished? Why, by keeping the best goods, employing the best-skilled labor and by being content with a moderate profit, thus doing a good business and turning the money over rapidly.
We import our goods from the best American and European markets for manufacturing purposes, *cheap for cash.* We also have a weakness for telling the ladies where to go for information as to selections of the choicest kinds of refreshments for the breakfast, dinner and supper table. Whilst we intend at all times to aid the ladies (by our experience) in entertaining, we do not intend to give away the hen that lays the golden egg.
We have in our establishment everything necessary for the table, including china, glass, silver and cutlery and center pieces, equal to any in use in the best private houses. This is the only place where you can rent cheap or expensive table furniture: where you can find all the novelties of New York, Paris or London, and stock complete in all the various departments of the business. We have first-class waiters on the premises for dinners, At Homes or evening parties.
The Latest in Individual Ices:
Mutton Chops, Lighted Candles and Neapolitan Brick Oblongs on Paper Laces.
Frosen Punches in Oranges, in Spun Sugar.
Orange Ice Pudding in Orange Cases.
New Entrees and Escaloped Oysters, in New Silver Entree Individual Dishes.
Individual Salads of all kinds.
We sell New Mince Meat, Superior Quality, in Glass Jars; Our Own Manufacture.
Plum Pudding, A1, ready for the pot.
Entrees to Order, ready for the range.
Fresh French Fruit Glaces, just arrived, 75c. per pound.
SEND FOR ESTIMATES TO
HARRY WEBB
447 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Winter Novelties Next Week.

W. WEST & CO.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
BOOTS and SHOES
Now showing a large assortment of
LADIES' FINE SHOES,
GENTS' FINE SHOES,
CHILDREN'S BOOTS.
Also Just Opened up a Magnificent Stock of
GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS
Just the thing for a Holiday Present.
Note the address
W. WEST & CO.,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT,
246 YONGE STREET.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
WILL SELL FOR
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S
HOLIDAYS
TO
STUDENTS, TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS
ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.
Round Trip Tickets at Fare and a Third
Good going Dec. 15th to 31st, and to return up to Jan. 20th, 1888.
AND TO THE PUBLIC
Good going Dec. 22nd, 24th, 25th and 26th. Good to return up to Jan. 4th, 1888, at Reduced Rates.
Full particulars at all offices of the Company.

AN EVENING OF
Readings and Music
AT THE
COLLEGE ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Corner College and Bathurst Streets,
By the following Artists:
MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, B.E. (Toronto Conservatory of Music) Elocutionist.
MR. CHARLES KELLY, Basso.
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE, Cornet Soloist.
MR. W. J. McNALLY, Accompanist.
AND OTHERS.
Tuesday, Dec. 20th, 1887.
TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House
WEEK OF DEC. 19
MATINEES
TUESDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
and SATURDAY
AN IDEAL AMERICAN PLAY
Mr. MARK PRICE'S Romantic Drama,
ON THE
RIO GRANDE
Full of enthusiasm, glory, and comedy.
—Baltimore American.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 19
MATINEES WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY AT 2 P.M.
MR. RUDOLPH ARONSON'S
COMIC OPERA COMPANY
PRESENTING
"ERMINIE"
From the Casino, New York.
Complete Company of 60 Persons. All the Special Scenery. Chorus of 40. Augmented Orchestra.
The Most Sucessful Comic Opera Produced in Years
500 NIGHTS' RUN IN NEW YORK CITY

CHRISTMAS GOODS.
JEWELRY, Endless Variety in Gold, Silver and Fine Art Lines. WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ELECTROPLATE. China Dinner and Tea Sets, Bric-a-brac and Fancy Goods of Every Description. A New Feature is Our Cheap Bargain Counter, from 25c. to $2.
The Largest Stock of Christmas Presents in the Dominion
To choose from. Goods can be selected at once and will be held. INSPECTION INVITED. Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and All Marked Down. Stock now Complete.
C. & J. ALLEN, - 29 KING STREET WEST
Our Factory is in Full Working Order for Ordered Work and Repairing.

Notes About Horses.

Horse fashion, like all others, is subject to change. The man who last year held the ribbons over a single driver this season seems to have a very keen longing for a pair, and a pair, too, that are just a little better than his friend has got. So when the argument comes, as come it will, he can be sure of having hold of the cool end of the poker. As a consequence there is many a pair in Toronto that have been brought together by a good deal of trouble and at no mean expense, that would do honor to any metropolitan city. Among them may be mentioned Too-too and Wanda, owned by Mr. Thomas Taylor, the former with a record close to 30 and the latter liable to get one before another season's campaign is over. Mr. J. Burns has a nice and speedy pair in Nellie Wood and Lambert, both with records below 40. Mr. R. Davies, with Willow Neck and Charlie to the pole, will not take a great deal of chaff, while Col. Joe Walker behind Gray Johnny and mate asks no favors from the best of 'em. Mr. Pittman's cross match Beechwood and Norquay are thought by many to be the handsomest in the city, and when called on can give any of the flyers a stiff argument for the right of way, while Mr. W. Taylor with Gen. Brock and mate will be well up in the bunch at the finish. All these are waiting the coming of the beautiful, and when it does come if you desire to see these and many more of the best roadsters in the city, go to the Woodbine any afternoon and your wish will be gratified. They'll all be there.

Having often been asked which, in my opinion, was the best race-horse ever bred in Canada, and not caring to hazard an opinion and wishing to arrive as near the truth as possible, I spent considerable time in getting the information from the various owners, breeders, jockeys, and gentlemen who should know. I find the opinions anything but unanimous, but give them for the benefit of your readers:—T. C. Patteson, Disturbance; C. T. Mead, Chancellor; F. Martin, Maritime; Dr. Smith, Lady D'Arcy; Jonathan Scott, Jim Christie; J. Dyment, Lucy Lightfoot; W. E. Owen, Fanny Wiser; F. Rosch, Rainbow; R. Leary, Bonnie Bird; H. Stanley, Rienzi; A. Gates, Jack Bell; J. M. Vey, Miss Neilson; F. Pearson, Islander; T. Phelan, Cyclone; W. Peters, Prince Edward; John White, Nettie; C. C. Butler, Augusta; J. Walker, Direction; R. Bond, Bonnie Duke; Nelson Gates, Lucy; F. Lowell, Lord Dufferin; Roddy Pringle, Mignonette; W. Grand, Miss Archibald; J. H. Mead, Disturbance; R. Wilson, Jonathan Scott; C. Boyle, Jack Vandal; E. Burgess, Brait; Geo. Forbes, Bonnie Dale; G. Hayden, Roddy Pringle; S. Fennison, Pilot; C. Ray, Liberty; J. Dawes, Rose; J. B. Morrison, Grey Cloud; C. Wise, Lala Rooke; Geo. W. Torrance, Princess; A. Shields, Bracwood; C. Phair, Terror; Chas. Lowell, Gilde Boy; D. W. Campbell, Wild Rose; Dr. Morton, Goldfinch; Chas. N. Gates, Williams; Dr. Mathieson, Harry Cooper; J. E. Seagram, Fanny Wiser; John Stanton, Storm; R. Davies, Flos; H. Godson, Ivo; W. McBride, Galavantress; Judge Finkel, Moonshine. Your readers can now look over the list and select their favorites. As for myself, should I make a selection, I should take Disturbance for any distance up to a mile. Over that Bonnie Bird would have carried my money. OLD SPORT.

A Good War Horse.

At a club dinner with a party not long ago, one of the guests remarked that Bavarian horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness. He said that a dealer sold one to a German officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and warranted him to be a good war horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion and said he had been swindled.

"And how!" said the dealer.

"Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war horse."

"Yes, I did, and, by George! he is a good war horse; he'd sooner die than run!"—*Hong Kong Tribune.*

Equal to the Emergency.

He stood, one night on Beacon street,
Before her family mansion,
While in my heart the throbs of love
Were struggling for expansion,
We just had left the theater,
Had heard "Il Trotatore,"
And, on the door step, talked about
The music and the story.

She raved about the wondrous voice
Of Signor Campanini,
She praised his acting and his face,
While I stood like a ninny.
I wanted to—but why explain?
(I half suspect she knew it)
I hemmed and twisted like a fool—
And hadn't pluck to do it.

I waited long for some excuse,
My stupid brain perplexing,
And then at length a silence fell,
So awkward and so vexing;
But suddenly she brightened up,
This loveliest of misses—
"Oh, by the way, did you observe
How gracefully he kisses?"

* * * *

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

Brutal Sport.

The German court has a curious idea of sport. The emperor, his sons and their particular friends stand or sit each in a bower of evergreens, while deer and a drove of hogs (called in court language "wild boars,") are driven by them, so as to afford good shots to all in turn. To our minds the affair looks like an inferior and very clumsy kind of pig butchery. The report of this so-called sport describes the poor beasts as "frantic with fear." Those who survived the first drive were compelled to run the gauntlet again, and the *sport* was kept up until the whole field presented a horrid scene of black pigs writhing in torment and streaked with blood. When the killing was over, the slaughtered animals, seventy-six in number, were laid out in long rows, when "gentlemen in full dress wearing orders and ladies with fur thrown over their bare shoulders, came out to walk between the lines of dead animals."

What a brutal exhibition!

He Knew Too Much.

Bride—"Oh, mamma! I've been cruelly betrayed, and I wish I were dead!"

Mother—"What's wrong, Laura?"

Bride—"Augustus has deceived me. He's been married before."

Mother—"How do you know?"

Bride—"Why, he—boo—boo—he knew that my bustle wasn't a baseball mask."—*Arcola Record.*

Didn't Just Know.

"So you have got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man.

"Don't know, don't know," replied the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months and I can't tell just yet how the blamed combination is going to turn out."—*Washington Critic.*

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

HOLIDAYS.

Tickets will be sold at SINGLE FARE on Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, valid for return until Dec. 27th, 1887. On Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st and 2nd, valid for return until Jan. 3rd, 1888.

At SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE and ONE-THIRD

On December 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st, and January 1st and 2nd, valid for return until Jan. 4th, 1888.

For further information apply to any of the Company's ticket offices.

J. HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, 10th December, 1887.

Back in the Market.

He (at a Chicago evening entertainment)—Do you know that very brilliant looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo.

He—Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady?

Miss Breezy—Yes, she has been unmarried twice.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An advertisement reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter;" and a young lady has written to ask, "What will be the result when the door slams?"

"I do not think Clothing now costs one-half what it did when I was a boy."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

IF THE GRAND OLD MAN

Were to-day to pay a visit to

THE ARMY & NAVY

Clothing Stores

He would unhesitatingly correct the above statement, and say that instead of one-half it only costs one-third of what it did when he was a boy, and accord us our full meed of praise for the great plank in our platform of

KEEPING UP THE QUALITY

AND

HAMMERING DOWN THE PRICES

Notwithstanding the immense sales we have had and the thousands of customers who have purchased our cheap overcoats and suits we are still in a position to supply you with those wonderful values in

Boys' Tweed Overcoats at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $3.
Boys' Nap Overcoats at 98c.—sold elsewhere at $2.
Boys' Tweed Overcoats at $3—sold elsewhere at $5.
Boys' Nap Overcoats at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $3.
Boys' Tweed Suits at 98c.—sold elsewhere at $2
Boys' Tweed Suits at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $2.50.
Boys' Tweed Suits at $2.25—sold elsewhere at $3.50.
Men's Heavy Suits at $5.50—sold elsewhere at $9.
Men's Tweed Overcoats at $4.90—sold elsewhere at $7.
Men's Nap Overcoats at $6—sold elsewhere at $9
Men's Melton Overcoats at $7.50—sold elsewhere at $10.
Men's Melton Overcoats at $10—sold elsewhere at $15.

Stores Open till 9 o'Clock Every Night and 10 p.m. Saturdays.

THE ARMY & NAVY

CLOTHING STORES,

133 to 137 King St. E. Opp. St. James' Cathedral. | 221 Yonge Street, Cor. Shuter Street.

MICHIE & CO.'S

LIST OF

WINES AND SPIRITS

For the Holidays is now complete.

They are offering to the public better values than any other wine merchants in the city and would invite your inspection before purchasing. In their cellars will be found the choicest grades of

CHAMPAGNES, PORTS,
SHERRIES, CLARETS,
HOCKS, SAUTERNES,
BURGUNDIES, MARSALAS,
MADEIRAS, MOSELLES,
CALIFORNIA WINES,
NATIVE WINES,
CANADIAN, SCOTCH AND IRISH WHISKIES IN GREAT VARIETY,
FRENCH BRANDIES and LIQUEURS,
MOTT'S CELEBRATED CIDERS IN BOTTLE,
IMPORTED ALES, PORTERS AND LAGER BEER, ETC., ETC,

MICHIE & CO

Late Fulton, Michie & Co.

5 1-2 and 7 King St. West

TORONTO.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS FREE.

Re-opening Monday, Jan. 2, 1888.

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

And Shorthand Institute,

Public Library Building, Toronto.

THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Secretary and Manager.

THE

BON MARCHE

To say that the Bon Marche has been busy since the commencement of this Great Bankrupt Stock Sale of Fancy Goods would be drawing it very mild indeed. Every Department having been so crowded that we have found it impossible in numerous instances to give that careful attention to customers it is always our wish to do. With an immediate and considerable addition to our staff, however, we hope to overcome this difficulty.

6,000 yards lovely Brocaded and Striped Evening Silks, for this sale only, 49c yard.

1,500 yards Pure Silk Gauzes, lovely evening shades, for this sale only, 25c yard.

Large and beautiful range of Colored Moire Antiques, in all new and fashionable shades, 85c yard.

Richest stock and best value in Black Gros Grains, Black Satins, Black Merveleux of any house in the city. The fact is that we can stand upon any opposition in this city, no question about that.

Our stock of Mantle Broches and Plushes presents a magnificent variety for Ladies to select from, all away down below regular prices. Ladies wishing to spend their money judiciously will certainly see our stock before buying anything in this line elsewhere.

During this sale, which is the most successful ever achieved in this city, as the crowded state of our store will at any time confirm, we shall continue to lay before our customers from day to day new and attractive lines of Cheap Goods, suitable for the season.

TO-DAY. TO-DAY—A Manufacturer's Stock of Silk and Wool Underwear at 50c on the dollar, a very great bargain.

TO-DAY. TO-DAY—500 Ladies' German Fancy Wool Knitted Skirts at 75c, 81 and $1.25, every one worth double the money.

Bargains that are perfectly astonishing in Sealettes, Fur Dolmans, Fur-lined Dolmans, Mantles and Shawls.

OPENING TO-DAY, A BARGAIN—2,000 Plush Dressing Cases, Plush Jewelry Cases, Plush Picture Frames, Plush Work Boxes, Plush Toilet Boxes.

The Great Sale at The Bon Marche is a Perfect Success. Come and see.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO

BON MARCHE

BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM

7 AND 9 KING ST. EAST.

Dissolution Sale.

MANTLES AT TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT

OUR MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Has suffered; beginning to thin out; goods don't seem to stay at our prices. We hardly wonder at it. We have still left

JACKETS

Of Black Lamb, well finished, easy fitting and warm at $3.10, less 10 per cent.—$2.70 net. Double Kersey Cloth Jackets trimmed with beaver, collar and cuffs of beaver, raised seams, thick useful jackets, $13.50—that is, $15 less our ten per cent. discount.

PALETOTS

In Ottoman Cloth for $3.60—$4.00 less our discount. Cloth Dolmanettes, lamb trimmed, $4.90 less the ten per cent. Black Lamb Dolmanettes, astrachan trimmed, full size, $6.75 less discount. Frise Brocade Dolmanettes, black and in colors, $15 up, less discount. Silk Brocaded Matalasse Dolmanette, warmly quilted, satin lined, fur trimmed, $15 up, less the ten per cent. Plush Dolmanettes, with feather, fur and chenille trimming, from $30 up, discount off.

R. WALKER & SONS,

33, 35, 37 KING STREET AND 18 COLBORNE STREET.

XMAS FUR SALE

Store Open Until Nine o'Clock Every Night.

$50,000

IN CASH REQUIRED BY THE NEW YEAR.

The Finest Fur Stock on the Continent,

SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE,

Will be disposed of at very close prices, in order to realize the above amount. We manufacture the Finest Furs selected from the leading European and American Markets. Specialists only employed as Fur Cutters and Finishers, thereby giving the citizens of Toronto and vicinity a Grand Opportunity to secure Choice and Reliable Furs, suitable for Holiday Presents.

Inferior Goods, which you see quoted at extremely low figures, are a fraud to the purchaser and never appreciated as a gift. Ladies' Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters, Dolmans, English Walking Jackets, Walking Hats, Caps and Gauntlets. Gentlemen's Fur Coats of Every Description, Sea Otter Caps, Adjustable Collars and Cuffs, Gauntlets, etc. Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes.

J. & J. LUGSDIN, 101 Yonge St. Toronto.

N.B.—Highest Cash Price Paid for All Kinds of Raw Furs.

If you want to buy a

Christmas Present

See Our Display of

New and Beautiful Holiday Goods

Our stock is complete and is without doubt the nicest in the market.

REMEMBER

We are Noted for Low Prices, and for the next week we will be offering

SPECIAL BARGAINS

To clear out Lines.

THE PANTECHNETHECA

116 YONGE STREET CORNER ADELAIDE STREET.

Tea, Dinner, Breakfast, Lunch, Fish and Game Sets. English, American and German Glassware, Art Pottery. French Flowers, Royal Worcester, Zolnay and Fishern Hungarian Ware, Teplitz Ware, Statuary, Silver-plated Goods, Rogers' Cutlery and Carvers. Fancy Goods.

Our Prices are low, our Goods new. Customers receive prompt and courteous attention, and we esteem it a privilege to show our Goods.

☞ Be sure and take the Elevator to our Show Rooms on the Second Flat, as we have some Elegant Goods there that you should see.